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THE CASKET
OF
IRISH PEARLS.

The
Casket of Irish Pearls.

**A SELECTION OF PROSE AND VERSE FROM THE BEST
IRISH WRITERS.**

EDITED BY

THORNTON MAC MAHON.

**"Fling our banner to the wind,
Studded o'er with names of Glory;
Worth, and wit, and might, and mind,
Poet young and Patriot hoary,
Long shall make it shine in story."**

C. G. DUFFY—(*Spirit of the Nation.*)



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TO
THE YOUNG MEN OF IRELAND,
HER HOPE
IN THE COMING YEARS;
HER TRUE WEALTH, AND STRENGTH, AND RESOURCES,
I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME,
THAT THEY MAY LEARN HOW MANY GREAT AND GOOD MEN
HAVE DEVOTED THEIR ENERGIES TO PROMOTE
HER INTEREST AND GLORY,
AND MAY BURN TO SHARE IN
THE HAPPY AND HOLY TASK
OF .
SERVING THEIR NATIVE LAND.

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INTRODUCTION.

EDMUND BURKE tells us, that "nothing ought to be more weighed than the nature of books, recommended by public authority; for that so recommended, they soon form the character of the age."

National feeling, public spirit, the creation of a distinct characteristic literature, the elements for which lie scattered in such abundance around us, all depend then in a great measure upon the books we read when young.

If this be so, who can estimate the extent of this wondrous power on the rising generation, to whom reading has become as vital a necessity as the bread they eat?

English writers cannot be trusted when their theme is Ireland. It is not that they wilfully mislead, or because that they have no sympathy with us; but that they have absolutely no power of comprehending us at all. They persist in regarding us from a wrong point of view, and they carry away from the survey false and exaggerated impressions; as when one looks at a picture placed in a wrong light, the canvass

throws back a confused reflection of distorted outline, colouring, and varnish.

They will not see that the peculiar national attributes of Celt and Saxon stand in bold antagonism as markedly to-day, as they did when Strongbow first made the bay of Wexford.

In truth, no comment could illustrate more forcibly the folly of human wisdom than the futility of the efforts of centuries to assimilate the Irish and English character. When will friend and foe learn that we must develop ourselves as nature meant, and not by the worn-out conventionalisms of a superannuated civilisation.

One object we have then in view in collecting together extracts from Irish authors solely is, to suggest to our people the sources from whence alone they can draw, unpolluted, a knowledge of their country and of what has been written of its past history.

Hitherto even our earliest school-lessons have been tainted with an anti-Irish spirit, the class-books in general use having been invariably of English origin. English text-books, English histories, English prejudices, in every form, have been diligently cultivated, whilst not a line commemorative of Irish history or antiquities, or of our great men, was placed in the hands of students! Lucky boy he was amongst us, who was not made ashamed of his name, it was *so very Irish*, or of his accent, it was so har-

barous. To amend the latter, the scholar was not unfrequently set to copy the Lancashire vulgarities of an English tutor.

Even when the teachers were thoroughly Irish in their feelings, their verbal instructions were unable to neutralize the poison of these one-sided lessons. England's glory, her power, unconquerable as destiny—these were the eternal themes; and if Ireland were ever mentioned, it was some story of her degradation or disunion, something sad or galling to the young mind to dwell upon.

Under such a training, is it a miracle that we have left amongst us little self-respect and less self-reliance, and that applying what we have been taught to believe our country's doom to our individual exertions, we (utterly unconscious of our capabilities) so often sink into helpless apathy?

Wielding this mighty moral force, it appears indeed a miracle, how little success England has attained in denationalising the Irish mind. It would seem as if, in the glorious words of Carlyle, "The voice of their past heroisms, if indistinct and all awry as to dates and statistics, was still melodious to this nation: the body of it might be dead enough, but the soul of it, partly harmonised, put in real accordance with the Eternal Melodies, was alive to all hearts and could not die. The memory of their ancient

Brave Ones did not rise like a hideous, leaden vapour, an amorphous emanation of like a petrifying Medusa spectre on this nation; no, but like a Heaven's apparition which it was—it still stood radiant, beneficent before all hearts, calling all hearts to emulate it, and the recognition of it was a Psalm Song."

The memory of our ancient Brave Ones rises before us, too—a Heaven's apparition. Insulted, wronged, traduced, as they have been to our young minds, with instinctive yearning love we enshrine them in our inmost hearts; no need for us of diligent historian to pluck away the falsehood (though it be our pride now, with loving pains to show to the world the virtues of the forefathers we so honour)—for us no need of dry histories; embalmed in our tears, sanctified by noble courage and suffering, their memory is our most precious possession from the past, and around it gather all our bright hopes for the future.

What fresh young heart amongst us does not throb when the name of O'Neill, of Sarsfield, of Tone, or Fitzgerald is spoken?—how thickly the panting breath comes, and hot tears gather in burning eyelids, and lips murmur indistinct words of love and vengeance!

Yes, brave enthusiasts! there is a great revenge in your hands.

Embrace the doctrines the martyrs for Ireland teach you from their graves ; those which, alas ! they preached in vain to their own generation, and sealed with their blood.

Forswear for ever divisions of sects and parties, and become in heart and soul " united Irishmen." Thus will you render harmless the arms our enemies have heretofore so skilfully turned against us, and frustrate that policy of disunion, which they have so long and so justly reckoned upon.

Had our fathers listened, in their day, to this holy preaching of mutual love and mutual charity, instead of to the promptings of an insane bigotry, stimulated by artful foes, how changed a destiny might not they have left to us, their children.

In the following pages will be found specimens of the stirring appeals of Drennan and Pollock, full of a vigorous spirit of nationality and independence, intersected withal by a strong vein of sober sense, admirably suited to convince the Northern Presbyterians, to whom they were principally addressed.

How comes it, that amongst that shrewd and high-hearted race, their mission has still to be accomplished ?

Is it not because, that when these men wrote, the mass of the people, both North and South, were grossly ignorant, and incapable of compre-

hending any argument which did not reach them through the medium of their passions or their prejudices? Bigotry, and its nursing mother, Ignorance, still hold possession of the strongholds of the North, and no power, excepting education, can ever dislodge them. The pen, and not the sword, is the weapon to wield against prejudice. He, then, who would elevate our country must lend his aid (and we have all something in our power) to instruct and enlighten our countrymen.

Who has not heard of schemes for the improvement of our peasantry in their habits of farming, cleanliness, &c., which have miserably failed? Sometimes the cause is easily traceable, as when a proselytizing landlord offered a new-fangled faith hand in hand with increased comforts; or that the Utopian community, which My Lady A, or the Hon. Mrs. B, planned and set a-going, occupied her mind only for a brief season, until that caprice was discarded for some other more novel mode of diverting *ennui*.

But how does it happen that many probably well meant and perseveringly followed up projects have not been a whit more successful?

The root of the evil lies in the want of sympathy between the people and their masters.—The inability of alien landlords who come amongst them for a mere visit, to comprehend the mysterious Irish nature, with its vehement impulses,

rushing from wailing sadness to wild laughter, its pride, acute sensibilities and deep affections.

No! alterations, albeit they may be great improvements in the habits of our people, never can be forced on them; they must be of gradual growth; they must originate in the conviction, springing up within their own minds, the result of observation and education, that it is unworthy of man made unto God's image, to live like the beasts which perish; that the temple of an immortal spirit is defiled by voluntarily abiding in grovelling squalid filth as well as by sin.

It is not our province to discuss here the political causes which have sunk our people so low in the scale of civilization, and cursed them with a poverty, which (may God pity them!) is so withering that it leaves in many a manly heart no room for hope. But to those removed one step beyond that miserable condition, we would say:

Cease to look abroad and around you for succour; search deep into your own nature and ascertain what it is capable of: take a fixed path and follow that steadfastly; look neither to the right or the left, nor stretch out your hands for support; if you be a true man and can keep your promises to your own soul, it is not in the power of circumstances to hold you in abjection.

Have you a trade or business? if so, bring all your intelligence to bear upon it; garner from every source the practical as well as the theoretic-

tical knowledge relating to it ; master its mystery and craft so thoroughly, that no man can excel you.

Whilst on this subject, the remarks once made to the writer by a Frenchman, an extensive manufacturer of woollen cloths, may not be out of place.

"Sir, I do not like the English character, I find it next to impossible to conform to it ; but what would you have ? *I must respect the nation, for they surpass the French in making woollen cloths.*

"I am determined that as far as in me lies, this superiority shall not continue. I go to England twice in the year ; I observe, study, ponder on all they will let me see of their processes, and adapt them (as far as I can) on my return home. I have left my son behind me in England to study our trade. Courage ! with labour and perseverance, who knows but in the end we may equal '*Messieurs Les Anglais.*'"

Courage and perseverance, the humility to confess our ignorance and to be content to learn things from the beginning. Behold what we Irish want ; we have intelligence, talent, nay, genius in abundance, but we are (let us not shrink from the truth) in these simple virtues, industry and perseverance, far behind the English, and still farther behind the French, who in other national traits we so much resemble.

Every one who has had any observation of the French character, must have perceived the singular union which it presents of unflinching dogged perseverance in whatever may be their business or mode of livelihood, with that gay joyous versatility in social character, which the English designate "frivolity."

Can this entire concentration of the powers of the mind upon the stern business of life, without converting the man, as in England, into a mere machine, be the result of training, or as Dr. Kane calls it, "Industrial Education?" If so, what hope for us?

What hope for us, too, in the fact of possessing such a teacher—such a guide as Kane—prompt, clear, practical. His volume on "The Industrial Resources of Ireland" is one of the most valuable offerings his country has received in this generation. He demonstrates satisfactorily that we have within us most of the elements of wealth and power; that numberless fields of Irish enterprise lie waste and uncultivated, which require but awakened energy in ourselves to become fruitful; and from which we shall reap rich harvests, if our sloth or unsteadiness do not unfit us to be the laborers.

From his pages we had extracted much matter, that we earnestly desired to transfer to "The Casket;" but as the design of this collection required specimens from many authors, and our li-

mits were so confined, we were forced to leave out much of what related to the Nature of Industrial Education. We do so with less pain, as we learn that access can be had to the work in most of the Reading Rooms throughout the country. The same necessity that curtailed our extracts from Kane, shuts out valuable historical matter, which would, if practicable, have been introduced into the volume; however, we have endeavored to give as distinct an impression as is consistent with a mere glance at the facts, of one or two of the most remarkable epochs of Irish history; and of the characters who figured at these periods.

As a history of "The Insurrection of 1641" is to appear in "The Library of Ireland," we have inserted here merely a meagre outline of the impelling causes of that event, and of the character of its principal leader, Rory, or Roger O'Moore. Carte and the Earl of Castlehaven are our authorities. Both were enemies of the Irish, with all their sympathies thoroughly enlisted in the English cause; yet we learn from one, who, be it observed, gives unconsciously the testimony, that there were abundant reasons in the manifold injustices and oppressions of the English for that event, whilst the other, in holding up to our view "*a dangerous, wicked rebel*," places before us the very model of a brave, noble, accomplished

gentleman ; with all the elements for a patriot, a statesman, and a warrior.

Passing over the intervening period when Ireland was desolated by contending parties, under each succeeding governor of England, whether legitimate king or soldier of the gospel, and was made the battle-field where two monarchs (equally regardless of her interests) decided their family quarrels and family ambitions, we find that, when William got settled peaceably on the throne, the Irish discovered that in the *melée* they had been rifled by the English Parliament of whatever shadow of self-government they had hitherto been allowed to hold.

Molyneux's "Case of Ireland," from which we have given an extract, breathes the first word of remonstrance the Irish dared to utter ; he says, very naïvely : That, in the heat of a bloody war, raging in this kingdom, where we could not have recourse to a regular parliament of our own, *we, the Protestants*, had entreated the English parliament to pass laws, to secure our property, which was in jeopardy from Papists ; but that now, surely his Protestant Majesty, and still more Protestant parliament, will be pleased to allow the parliament of Ireland to resume its ancient functions, and, in the first place, to give their sanction to those bills passed in England, without which, he modestly insinuates, *these acts are not law*.

The answer Molyneux gets, all Protestants though he be, is an order that his book should be burned by the hands of the common hangman.

Then comes that gloomy period of devilish ranny and persecution, "the Penal days," when rigor was directed against the Catholics solely.

This distinction of a favored caste, so flowing to the religious prejudices of the Protestants who were the most influential and educated of the nation, and should thence have been the legitimate leaders of the people, did its mission of disunion, and separated effectually the two camps.

Secure in the policy of religious discord, have the government forcing on the people the tain brass halfpence, a scheme at which so much of Swift's matchless ridicule was levelled. This is memorable not so much for its intrinsic importance as that it proved the first rallying point where Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian combined against their rulers; and the result of that short-lived union was a triumph for the nation.

A mortal fear shook the English councils, that this passing intimacy should kindle friendship, and so melt away the prejudices which they had so carefully nurtured.

We have English aristocrats writing to each other so:—"I find that the people of every religion, country, and party, here, are all alike against Wood's half-pence; and that their

ment in this has had a most unhappy influence on the state of this Nation, by bringing an intimacy between Papists and the Whigs, who before had no correspondence with them." After this momentary effort, which, like a convulsive fit, left things more torpid than before—the game of insolent ascendancy and dumb slavery continued to be played, until Dr. Lucas, an humble citizen, without any extraordinary genius—by the mere power of truth and the force of honest purpose—which directed his words straight into the hearts of men—roused a healthy Irish sentiment, which pervaded the people without distinction of sect or class.

In his efforts, we have the germ of a union of Irishmen for freedom, developed afterwards in the Volunteers.

With this portion of our history, the readers of "The Library of Ireland" have been made familiar by Mr. Mac Nevin's able "History of the Volunteers;" short portraits, however, we have given of a few of the most remarkable of the many great men of that glorious epoch.

Distinguished as our country has been for oratory, it would have been easy to enrich our collection with specimens of the noblest appeals which the world has heard since Demosthenes defended the liberties of Greece. But we are *fortunately* spared the difficult task of endeavouring to give, in broken fragments, any jus-

notion of these our greatest intellectual stores, by the circumstance, that a selection from the Orators of Ireland is about to be published in the present series.

Numberless interesting researches into our antiquities and annals, lie before us. Again and again have we been obliged to lay aside extracts we had culled from them, and which our limits forbade us to employ ; a species of sacrifice sufficiently painful to the conscientious husbandman of other men's thoughts.

It will thus be seen that the work is more suggestive than informing ; throwing occasional gleams of sunshine, as it were, on portions of the chequered landscape of our history, and peopling it with the spirits who gave it tone and colour.

It will be observed that some of our selections, especially in poetry, are not so thoroughly Irish as the nature of the work might seem to require. But Irishmen have worked in many fields of literature, and to judge of the intellectual wealth our country has poured out upon the nations, by the little *her* sons have yet done to illustrate *her* story, or do *her* honor, would be to judge of the harvest, by the gleanings that are made after the wheat is gathered into the barn.

Look at the names which figure in our index, and which have been so long appropriated by England as pillars of her national greatness—Swift, Goldsmith, Sterne, Burke, Sheridan, Can-

ning. We should not at all wonder, if our claiming these our sons, would be construed into a *monstrous and wicked agitation* to separate the two countries; but we must "have our own again!"

The "Ballad Poetry" and the "Songs of Ireland," embraced nearly all the gems of both these classes. Moore's "Irish Melodies," are, happily, too well-known to need our introduction.

The "Spirit of the Nation," from which we might have gathered luxuriant coronals, is easily accessible or already in the hands of those for whom our labours are specially designed. We have, therefore, made no use of it, except in one instance.

We could not deny ourselves the sad pleasure, of "gathering a garland" from the newly made grave of the truest heart and strongest head, that ever worked for Ireland.

Let us cease our selfish wailing over him.

Was not his destiny glorious, thus to walk the earth as a god? Redressing wrongs—imparting courage to the faint—strength to the weary—faith and hope to all. Shedding on all, bright and healing influences, and departing hence, before weariness or distrust had ever touched his pure spirit.

To lessen, or if possible to terminate the grievous expatriation of the mind of Ireland,

which the total want of scope for its exercise here has occasioned, is the hope of those who labour now to foster a native literature. On their success, or rather on the time when the success shall arrive, (for then also must come all political ameliorations,) depends much of the future destiny of Ireland.

THE
CASKET OF IRISH PEARLS.

HOLLAND-TIDE, AND HOLLAND-EVE TRICKS.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

HOLLAND-TIDE.*

"HOLLAND-TIDE," "All-Hollands," "Holland's-eve," or November-eve, was once a merrier time in Ireland than it is at present; though, even still, its customary enjoyments are by no means neglected. Fortunately for "all the saints," in whose honour the feast is celebrated, it occurs at a season of the year when the pressure of want is less sensibly felt than at most others; and, among a people who are, generally speaking, so easily satisfied as to the external comforts of life, that a comparative alleviation of suffering is hailed with as hearty a welcome, as if it were a *positive acquisition* of happiness. The peasant

* From "Holland-tide Tales."

sees, at this period at least, the assurance of present abundance around him. He beholds a vast extent of land all cultivated, and burthened with the treasured produce of the soil—gardens of stubble covered with *shocks* of wheat, oats, and barley, which look just as if they were intended to make bread for him and his neighbours—fields of potatoes, some in which the numerous earthen mounds, or *pits*, have been already raised ; others, in which the first nipping frost that is borne on the November blast has embrowned the stalks, and withered the leaves upon their stem. The stroke of the flail, and the clack of the water-mill are in his ear—the meadow land is green and fresh with its after-grass—and the *haggart*, or hay-yard, is stacked into a labyrinth with hay and corn. He is satisfied with the appearance of things about him—he thinks he has no business asking himself, whether any of these good things are destined for his use or for that of a foreign mechanic—he never stops to anticipate in fancy, while he puts the spade for the first time into his own little half-acre, and discloses the fair produce of his labour, how many calls from tithe-proctor, assessed tax-gatherer, landlord, priest, &c., may yet diminish his little store—he sees the potatoes, they are his and his pig's by right, and he and his pig are merry fellows while they last, and while they can procure a turf fire, or the smoke of a fire, to warm the little cabin about them.

Or if this last comfort is denied him, he can take his stick, and his "God-save-all-here," along with him, and make the best of his way into the

CASKET OF IRISH PEARLS.

spacious kitchen of the neighbouring "straw farmer," "middle-man," "small gentleman," "half sir," when the festive evening above mentioned has arrived—here he can take his place among the revellers, and pay for his warm seat in the chimney-corner, by a joke, a laugh, a tale, a gibe, a magic sleight, a form of conjuration proper to the time—in short, by adding his subscription of merriment to the general fun of the meeting.

Just such a quiet, contented, droll fellow, formed one of a most frolic November-eve party, at the house of a respectable farmer, in the west of Munster, upon whose hospitality chance threw the collector of these stories, on the 31st of last October. The earthen floor had been swept as clean as a new pin; the two elderly rulers of the mansion were placed, side by side, on two venerable, high-backed, carved wooden chairs, near a blazing turf fire: their daughter, a bright-haired Munster lass, (and Munster is as remarkable for fair faces in Ireland, as Lancashire in the neighbouring country,) all alive with spirit and sound health, (that dearest dower of beauty,) was placed opposite, contending with, and far outmatching the wits of two rustic beaux, the assistant of the village apothecary, the other (the more favoured of the two,) a wild, young, rude red-faced savage, son to the agent at "great house," as the mother gave me to understand in a whisper. The schoolmaster, the school-chal, half-a-dozen neighbours, and a few laughing, rosy-cheeked girls, looking forward with most unchristian anxiety and credulity to

the cabalistic ceremonies of the evening, and anxiously longing for the retirement of the scrupulous old couple, whose presence alone prevented their being immediately put in train, in defiance of Father Manny and his penances, filled up the remainder of the scene immediately around the fire—while Paddy, the *gorsoon*, and the two maidservants, sat whispering together at a respectful distance, seated in shade upon the settlebed, at the upper end of the apartment.

HOLLAND-EVE TRICKS.

A fat-faced little urchin, clambering up on the back of one of the high chairs, lowered from the roof a sort of apparatus made of two laths crossed, and suspended from one of the beam-hooks above by a whipcord, fastened from the centre. A large bag of apples was now brought forward from the corner of the room, and two of the sleekest and largest affixed to the extremities of one of the cross-sticks, while the other was furnished with two short bits of candles lighted.

When the balance was fairly adjusted, and the whole machine lowered to the level of the mouths of the guests, it was sent twirling round with a touch of the finger; the fun being now, to see who would fix his or her teeth in the immense apple, while in rapid motion, and avoid taking, instead, the unwelcome inch of lighted candle, which appeared to be whisking round in pursuit.

“Ethen, bad manners to you, Norry Foley,” said the merry fellow before mentioned, addressing himself to a modest, blue-eyed, simpering

maiden, who advanced in her turn to the "snap-apple," with a sly coquettish management of lip and eye, "only mark what a weeny, dawny little mouth she makes at it, becace the gintlemin is looking at her now, all'o'one I hadn't seen her myself many's the time make no more than the one offer at a white eye that would make two of that apple."

And, as if to demonstrate the facility of the undertaking, he advanced in his turn with an easy, careless, swaggering confidence in his own prowess, and a certain ominous working of his immense jaws, which struck terror into the hearts of the junior spectators. The orifice which was displayed when he expanded them, banished the faintest glimmering of hope; and when they closed, with a hollow sound, upon the devoted fruit, a general groan announced that the sports and chances of "snap-apple" for that evening, were at an end.

Next followed the floating apple, of still greater dimensions than the former, placed in a tub of clear water, and destined to become the property of him who should, fairly between his teeth, and without help from hands, or the side of the vessel, lift it out of the fluid. This created most uproarious mirth for some time, until the man with the jaws, in his own quiet, silent way, stalked among the disputants like the genius of fate, and picking it off the surface as if it had been a walnut, retired to his corner, followed by *the wondering and envious glances of the gaping juniors.*

While these things were transacted above

another group about the fire were occupied more interestingly, though not so merrily, in melting the lead through the handle of a key placed over a *porringer* of water, and conjecturing from the fantastical shapes which the metal assumed, their own future destiny; in burning the beans (in which process, much to the dissatisfaction of the young hostess and her noisy sweetheart, the village apothecary's lad was observed to burn quietly by her side, while the former bounced away with a "pop!" like a shot), and other innocent and permitted arts of the Ephesian letter.

These little minor tricks, however, were but child's play to the great girls, who were on thorns until the field should be left clear to themselves—when they might put in practice the darker and more daring ceremonies proper to the time—the drying of the shift-sleeve on the three-legged stool, and watching in the silence of the midnight for the shadowy resemblance of the future spouse, who was to turn it before the fire; the sowing of hemp or rapeseed, the adjuration with a sage-leaf, and all the gloomy and forbidden mysteries of the night, into which we shall not at present penetrate, these ceremonies not being peculiar or strictly national.

THE GERALDINES.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

THE Geraldines, the Geraldines, 'tis full a thousand
years
Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright flashed their
battle-spears ;
When Capet seized the crown of France, their iron
shields were known,
And their sabre-dint struck terror on the banks of the
Garonne ;
Across the downs of Hastings they spurred hard by
William's side,
And the grey sands of Palestine with Moslem blood they
dyed—
But never then, nor thence, till now, have falsehood or
disgrace
Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle in his
face.

The Geraldines, the Geraldines, 'tis true in Strongbow's
van,
By lawless force, as conquerors, their Irish reign be-
gan—
And, oh ! through many a dark campaign they proved
their prowess stern,
In Leinster's plains, and Munster's vales, on king, and
chief, and kerne ;

But noble was the cheer within the halls so rudely
won,
And gen'rous was the steel-gloved hand that had such
slaughter done ;
How gay their laugh, how proud their mien, you'd ask
no herald's sign—
Among a thousand you had known the princely Geraldine.

These Geraldines, these Geraldines, not long our air
they breathed—
Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water seethed—
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers
nursed,
When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling
burst ;
The English monarchs strove in vain, by law, and force,
and bribe,
To win from Irish thoughts and ways this " more than
Irish" tribe ;
For still they clung to fosterage, to *breithamh*,* cloak,
and bard—
What king dare say to Geraldine " your Irish wife
discard" ?

Ye Geraldines, ye Geraldines, how royally ye reigned
O'er Desmond broad, and rich Cilldare,† and English
arts disdained :
Your sword made knights, your banner waved, free was
your bugle call
By Gleann's green slopes, and Daingean's tide, from
Bearbha's banks to Eochail.

* *Brehon*.

† The common English spelling of the words in this verse are *Kildare, Glyn, Dingle, Barrow, Youghal, Maynooth, and Adare*.

What gorgeous shrines, what *Breithamh* lore, what
minstrel feasts there were
In and around Magh Nuadhait's keep, and palace-filled
Athdare,
But not for rite or feast ye stayed, when friend or kin
was pressed,
And foemen fled, when "*Crom Abú*" bespoke your lance
in rest.

Ye Geraldines, ye Geraldines, since Silken Thomas
flung
King Henry's sword on council board, the English
thanes among,
Ye never ceased to battle brave against the English
sway,
Though axe and brand and treachery your proudest cut
away;
Of Desmond's blood, through woman's veins passed on
th' exhausted tide,
His title lives—a Saxon churl usurps the lion's hide;
And, though Kildare tower haughtily, there's ruin at
the root,
Else why, since Edward fell to earth, had such a tree no
fruit?

True Geraldines, brave Geraldines, as torrents mould
the earth,
You channelled deep old Ireland's heart by constancy
and worth:
When Ginckle leagured Limerick, the Irish soldiers
gazed
To see if in the setting sun dead Desmond's banner
blazed!

And still it is the peasants' hope upon the Currach's
mere,
"They live, who'll see ten thousand men with good
Lord Edward here"—
So let them dream till brighter days, when, not by Ed-
ward's shade,
But by some leader true as he, their lines shall be
arrayed.

The Geraldines, these Geraldines, rain wears away the
rock,
And time may wear away the tribe that stood the
battle's shock,
But, ever, sure, while one is left of all that honoured
race,
In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzgerald's place;
And, though the last were dead and gone, how many a
field and town,
From Thomas Court to Abbeyfeale, would cherish their
renown,
And men would say of valour's rise, or ancient power's
decline,
"Twill never soar, it never shone, as did the GERAL-
DINE."

EDUCATION IN IRELAND,

BY THE RIGHT REV. DR. DOYLE.

THE state of education in this country is not certainly gratifying to a man of reflection. The study of science is confined to a few, and the only sciences which are well cultivated amongst us are those connected with the physical world. Positive sciences, which require great labour, patience, and industry are not suited to the Irish character; and hence as well as from the small profits or honours annexed to them, they are greatly neglected.

Another cause of this neglect is found in the excessive wealth of our University, and of the Established Church, where pride and indolence, the natural growth of riches, occupy the place of labour and study; whilst, on the other hand, a want of time and of means prevent the Catholic clergy from devoting themselves to literary pursuits.

Politics, political economy, religious innovation, these are the subjects, not sciences, in which Irish genius delights: these studies, if such they can be called, employ the inventive powers of the mind, they recreate the fancy, they supply food to eloquence and to the passions, and supersede, in a great measure, all attention to matter of fact.

Most of our youth above the general condition of the people are acquainted with the *preliminaries of knowledge*; they acquire just as much of

classics and of science as is sufficient to deceive them into the notion that they are educated, and to precipitate them unprepared into the labyrinth of public life. To find in Ireland a good logician a learned historian, or a deeply read divine, is almost as difficult as to discover a venomous serpent or a monster such as Horace describes.

You could meet with apostles and prophets or any of the highways, but amongst them a man of deep research is indeed a *rara avis*. A mathematician or geologist, a man skilled in plants or minerals, is not a very rare commodity in Ireland; but, compared with politicians, and essayists, and preachers of the Word, he bears as little proportion as the handful of Greeks did, to the myriads of Xerxes. That a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, was in no country perhaps more fully proved than in ours. For here a little superficial learning acting upon the passions by means of the press and public meetings, is one of the great causes of the incessant agitation in which the public mind is kept. This action is called discussion; but I assure you, that though I look at the papers and pamphlets with which the country is inundated, I do not always find in them a sound exposition of truth; or an essay which bespeaks in the writer experience of the world, knowledge of past events, or an intellect taught to reason justly.

Next to the blessing of redemption, and the graces consequent upon it, there is no gift bestowed by God equal in value to a good education; other advantages are enjoyed by the body, this belongs entirely to the spirit; whatever is great, or good,

or glorious, in the works of men, is the fruit of educated minds. Wars, conquests, commerce, all the arts of industry and peace, all the refinements of life, all the social and domestic virtues, all the delicacies of mutual intercourse; in a word, whatever is estimable amongst men owes its origin, increase, and perfection, to the exercise of those faculties, whose improvement is the object of education. Religion herself loses half her beauty and influence when not attended or assisted by education; and her power, splendour, and majesty, are never so exalted, as when cultivated genius and refined taste become her heralds or her handmaids. Many have become fools for Christ, and, by their simplicity and piety, exalted the glory of the cross; but Paul, not John, was the apostle of the nations, and doctors, more even than prophets, have been sent to declare the truths of religion before kings, and princes, and the nations of the earth.

Education draws forth the mind, improves its faculties, increases its resources, and, by exercise, strengthens and augments its powers. I consider it, therefore, of inestimable value; but like gold, which is the instrument of human happiness, it is, and always must be, unequally distributed amongst men. Some will always be unable or unwilling to acquire it, others will expend it prodigally, or pervert it to the worst ends, whilst the bulk of mankind will always be more or less excluded from its possession. Doomed as we are to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow, the great bulk of Adam's posterity will ever be engaged in procuring for

themselves the necessaries, or in supplying to others the comforts or luxuries of life ; this is the order which providence has established on the earth, whilst, in justice to men, it has taken care that happiness should not depend on station. From this disposition, however, it appears, that as we cannot all be legislators, or astronomers, or merchants, or agriculturists, so we cannot all be well educated, not having the means, nor the talent, nor the time necessary to acquire much knowledge.

It behoves, however, the government of every well educated society, to provide, as far as may be in its power, for each class of its subjects, as much education, and of the best kind, as the latter are capable of receiving with advantage to themselves, and security to the public interests.

WE ARE UNITED.

BY JOHN BANIM.

YES! discord's hand to the last it was
In every field of our story,
Which did our country's fortunes cross
And tear down all her glory.—
And this we saw, and this we felt,
Yet still the warning slighted,
Till a clinging curse was to us dealt—
The curse of the disunited!

*But, warn'd at last, in our strength we stand,
Crying out, with one deep chorus,*

For requital to this outraged land—
Land of our love, that bore us !
Millions shout, as a single man—
“Now, now, thou shalt be righted,
For now thy sons thy future span,
Because they are united !”

Ay ! by the fate we shall weave for her,
To atone for the fate we wove her !
By those, her name who hate and slur,
By ourselves, who deeply love her !
By manhood's worth ! by the sacred flame
On her hearths and her altars lighted—
By her present shame—by her ancient fame
We are—we *are* united !

INFLUENCE OF UNRESTRAINED POWER ON HUMAN NATURE.

BY THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE.

MANY of the greatest tyrants on the records of history have begun their reigns in the fairest manner. But the truth is, that unnatural power corrupts both the heart and the understanding. And to prevent the least hope of amendment, a king is ever surrounded by a crowd of infamous flatterers, who find their account in keeping him from the least light of reason, till all ideas of rectitude and justice are utterly erased from his mind. When Alexander had, in his fury, *inhumanly* butchered one of his best friends and bravest captains, on the return of reason he began to

conceive an horror suitable to the guilt of such a murder.

In this juncture, his council came to his assistance. But what did his council? They found him out a philosopher, who gave him comfort. And in what manner did this philosopher comfort him for the loss of such a man, and heal his conscience, flagrant with the smart of such a crime? You have the matter at length in Plutarch. He told him: "That let a sovereign do what he will, all his actions are just and lawful, because they are his." The consequence was such as might be expected. He grew every day a monster more abandoned to unnatural lust, to debauchery, to drunkenness, and to murder. And yet this was originally a great man, of uncommon capacity, and a strong propensity to virtue.

EVILS OF THE PROPOSED UNION FORETOLD IN 1779.

BY JOSEPH POLLOCK.*

THE first leading and comprehensive observation upon a union, one indeed that makes all others

* Joseph Pollock, one of the most distinguished of the eminent men who organized the United Irish Society in the north, author of the admirable letters published in the *Northern Star*, under the signature of "Owen Roe O'Neill," and since repeatedly republished. They breathe the purest spirit of nationality, and preach powerfully the only means of attaining it—forgetfulness of religious feuds, and cordial brotherhood.

: appear unnecessary, is, that by it we lose our own legislative assembly, and take the readiest means of destroying the only one that shall remain of the empire. Already, God knows, there is little occasion to add to the corruption of the British Parliament!

We have now some slender ties upon the fears, at least, of our Parliament. We should then have none. Our present absentees—"men as dependent on the Minister as they are independent of the people"—are not likely to be more incorruptible than the deputies of Scotland. "Upon the ruins of (what remains to us of) national consequence and public sentiment, we should have a few individuals, insignificant in England, engrossing the powers of Ireland, jobbing away her interest, never residing with her people, and, of course, ignorant of her condition, and unawed by her resentment."

That no representation could essentially serve Ireland, may be collected from this, that her number of deputies being necessarily small, in proportion to those of England, even if not corrupted, they would be overpowered in every question between the two nations.

The tyranny which England now indulges against Ireland, contrary to every principle of the constitution, she would then display in apparent conformity to it. Even a union could not make her feel for Ireland as she does for her own most insignificant village.

In this situation, is there a noble scheme in agitation for the improvement of manufactures, the opening of communications between different

parts of this kingdom, the convenience or extension of trade—is an inland canal to be cut, a colliery to be promoted, a quay, a mole, or dock to be built—is it wished to improve or put in a state of defence any of those harbours which open to the world, and have capacity to receive it—immediately a host of petitions are opposed, or the Minister is threatened with an insurrection, perhaps raised by himself. The scheme drops; or it is procured by means the most disgraceful or most ruinous—jobbing is seldom gratuitous. Compliments must be returned. The empire suffers. They suffer who receive justice as a favor. At any rate, their spirit is destroyed, for they feel their dependence and their impotence.

When to this consideration, so sufficient in itself, we add a number of others, and none of them inconsiderable, I think there are few who will see cause for a moment's hesitation.

Such are the incumbrances England would lay upon our infant commerce—a burthen supposed too heavy for the maturity of her's; such, too, is the vast increase of absentee interest in her deputies to England, and their connexions; in our nobility, and all others possessed of large landed property; in the votaries of pleasure, who now spend part of the year in Dublin, but would then follow the legislature and the deity to London; while our manufacturers must be so far unemployed, agriculture, so intimately connected with *manufacturers*, must suffer; the tenantry must *groan under rack-rents and agents*.

Such, in consequence of the proceeding, would

be the *ruin of Dublin*, without any very essential or comparative advantage to the other parts of this kingdom, all of which would be proportionably deserted, unemployed, or injured—such as remitting of the revenues to England, with the super-numerary expenses, making a great part of revenue; with a land tax, an entirely new one, and inseparable from an union, and all the other indefinite and ruinous payments; so that Ireland would be a country consisting of merchants, lawyers, revenue officers, and peasants, annually remitting to England the produce of trade, land, and revenue.

IRISH WOOL.*

BY DR. KANE.

A VERY large quantity of wool is grown in Ireland. The grazing counties of the limestone plain afford an herbage peculiarly agreeable to sheep.

There is no doubt, but that were the wool grown in Ireland manufactured in it, there should be called into play so great an amount of mechanical industry as would afford employment to a large portion of the people. At present great quantities of wool are exported from this country, particularly to France, and several French houses have established agencies in the centre and west of Ireland for the more direct purchase of the

* From the "Industrial Resources of Ireland."

wool. This wool is in France manufactured into the *mousselines de laine* so deservedly popular amongst our countrywomen, by whom, I trust, they would not be less esteemed had they been spun, and woven, and printed, without leaving Ireland, and thus have given comfortable means of living to thousands of our countrymen.

There are two kinds of woollen goods, which are formed by different modes of manufacture, and these again are founded on essential differences in the structure of the wool. Worsted goods are formed of wool, the fibres of which are long and have little twist. In such goods the web is formed only as the web of cotton or linen goods, by the opposition of the fibres, alternately crossing and parallel.

But in what are properly woollen goods, as in broad cloths, after the web has been so formed, it is subjected to a violent beating, in the tucking or pulling mill, during which the cloth shrinks very much in length and breadth, but thickens, and the individual threads of the web so mix in with each other that they cannot be distinguished until it is much worn, and becomes threadbare. Now, for such goods a different kind of wool must be taken than for worsted goods. The fibre must be short, and more twisted. These varieties of wool are known as short and long stapled. The cause of this difference is, that each fibre of wool consists of a series of joints, and at each joint there are a set of *projections like the barbs of a fishhook*. In long *stapled* wool these barbs are few, and very weak; in *short stapled* wool they are numerous and

strong. If a handful of the latter be worked in the hands, the fibres will gradually interlace, and by these barbs catching in each other, will lock into a kind of web, quite independent of spinning and weaving : they will felt. It is in this way that the bodies of hats are made, as all furs possess the same property. Hence, the making of cloth requires the spinning and weaving of the web in the first instance, and the subsequent partial felting of the fibres in the tucking mill.

I notice these particulars, as the climate and vegetation of a country exercise remarkable influence on the staple and structure of the wool which the sheep produce, and thus, finally, on the description of manufactured goods. In moist, cold climates, such as that of the British Islands, the natural wool of the adult sheep is universally long stapled, and unfit for felting ; whilst in dry climates, with hot summers, the wool is short stapled, and felts strongly. The wool produced not merely in Ireland, but in England also, is thus exclusively adapted for the worsted trade ; and that of Ireland being of an excellent quality of fibre, is much sought after for the finer kinds of worsted, such as those already noticed of French manufacture. For woollen cloths, and similar goods, the wool is imported from the Continent.

The great plains of the east of Europe support vast flocks of sheep, from whence we derive our Silesian and Saxon wool. The dry plains of South Australia are also favourable to *that growth of fibre*, and hence has been created. *within a few years*, a branch of trade most in

portant to that colony. It has been often an object with English wool-growers and landed proprietors to produce this felting wool in England, and thus get rid of the necessity of purchasing abroad; but it has been found impossible, after the most expensive experiments in importing sheep of particular flocks. It has been found that in two or three generations, even of the pure breed, the influence of the climate and food totally changed the character of the wool, and brought it to the same quality as that of the native animals. It is thus evident that the manufacture of the native wools of Ireland can lead but to one department of that important branch of industry, that is, the worsted trade. With regard to woollens, this country, like England, must import wool, and hence will be under the same conditions of access to raw materials as the sister kingdom. In no degree are we less favourably placed. The Messrs. Willans, so extensively and so favourably known in Dublin, and who have also large factories at Leeds, have often and in public declared, that they carry on trade as favourably in Ireland as in England: the low price of coals in Yorkshire being fully counterbalanced by the cheapness of water-power, and a certain advantage in wages here.

ENGLISH ENCOURAGEMENT OF IRISH
MANUFACTURE.

(FROM CARTE'S "ORMOND.")

THE Earl of Strafford found very little trade amongst the Irish, scarce any manufacture at all, only some small beginnings towards a clothing trade, which was likely to increase in time. This he thought proper to discourage all he could, as apprehending that it would in the end be an infinite detriment to the clothing, the staple commodity of England. The Irish had wool in great quantities, and if they should manufacture it themselves, the *English* would not only lose the profit they made by indraping the Irish wool, and his Majesty suffer extremely by the loss of his customs on it; but it was justly to be feared that the *Irish* would at last beat them out of the trade itself, by underselling them, which they might well afford to do. He considered farther, that in reason of state, so long as the Irish did not indrape their own wool, they must of necessity fetch their clothing from *England*, and consequently in a sort depend upon it for their livelihood, and be disabled to cast off that dependence, without nakedness to themselves and to their children.

* *Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond* is one of the most valuable historical books we possess. It is written the *English* interest, but is an invaluable store-house facts and documents.

SOMETHING STRANGE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THERE's something strange, I know not what,
Come o'er me,
Some phantom I've for ever got
Before me,
I look on high, and in the sky
'Tis shining;
On earth, its light with all things bright
Seems twining.
In vain I try this goblin's spells
To sever;
Go where I will, it round me dwells
For ever.

And thus what tricks by day and night
It plays me;
In ev'ry shape the wicked sprite
Waylays me.
Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue
'Tis glancing;
Sometimes like feet, in slippers neat,
Comes dancing.
By whispers round of every sort
I'm taunted,
Never was mortal man, in short,
So haunted.

DR. DRENNAN.

(FROM MADDEN'S UNITED IRISHMEN.)

THE classical pen of that excellent writer, Dr. William Drennan, the friend of Dugald Stewart, was likewise employed in *The Press*. He was, in fact, the penman of the United Irish Society. The first declaration of the society, its test, and many of the addresses and resolutions of the society, of which, in the years 1792 and 1793, he was frequently the chairman, were written by him; as were also many of the songs and other poetical compositions which appeared in *The Press*, and subsequently in "The Harp of Erin." In the former he published, anonymously, amongst other pieces, the well-known ode, "To the Memory of William Orr," beginning with the words, "Oh! wake him not with women's cries," a piece written with great power; and which, probably, had more effect on the public mind, than any production of the day, in prose or verse.

The spirit-stirring songs of Drennan, beautiful in their imagery, circulated with the utmost rapidity over the country, and became the standard songs of every convivial society where United Irishmen, or those who were friendly to their views, assembled.

Dr. Drennan first designated his country as the "Emerald Isle;" and he prided himself as

a little on the paternity of this title. At one period, he had some idea of writing a history of the United Irish Society; but his other literary avocations prevented him carrying his purpose into effect. It is greatly to be regretted that he did not undertake this task, for no person could have done so with equal advantage. His admirable letters, bearing the signature "Orellana, the Irish Helot," which appeared in 1784, and those of Joseph Pollock, signed "Owen Roe O'Neill," published about 1790, are the ablest compositions of all the political literature of those times.

ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG MEN OF IRELAND.

BY DR. DRENNAN.*

To you, young men, I must address myself with warmth and with emphasis. The spirit of reform, like the spirit of youth, must be active, ardent, progressive, impassioned, enterprising, enthusiastic. Advanced age is of a heavy, inactive, procrastinating disposition, which always acts on the defensive, and wishes, like the veteran Fabius, to conquer by delay. Such a disposition might serve to maintain liberty, but will never acquire it. The genius of reform must be attended with a certain gallantry of soul which *pushes forward* in the field of virtuous glory. It

* From the Letters of Orellana.

is this gallantry of soul, like the white plume on the helmet of Henry the Fourth of France, always seen in motion among the thickest of the enemy—which will inspire those who follow with confidence, and those who oppose you with despair. As years advance, men are apt to acquire a habit of accommodation to external circumstances, however humiliating; the noble powers of nature decay for want of use; the beggarly passions usurp and engross the heart, until at length such persons begin to think it a matter of necessity that they should shift merely for themselves, and leave their country to become the foot-ball of fortune. The love of country and mankind warms and dilates the youthful breast.

Those expansive passions gradually contract their limits during the progress of life. They shrink into the petty squabbling of a petty party; and at length all that poor patriotism can do, is to issue out in the evening twilight, bluster a while at a club or a coffee-house, and then sneak again into the contracted circle of *self*. You are not yet benumbed with the trembling caution and commercial selfishness of the aged. Your undulterated spirit has all the raciness of generous and genuine growth, and tastes of the flavour of the soil. Dear and gallant souls! I wish to name you man by man! I know many among you, and I wish to embrace you all in a holy brotherhood of affection. I wish to join my hands with yours, and to swear at the altar of the *constitution*, that by that Being whom we *adore*, we will never abandon our country. Look! I think, I see your parent country standing, like

a Spartan mother, at your side, hiding the tear that trembles in her eye, and indignantly pointing to the ruins of a constitution which her virtuous sons alone can restore to its original grandeur.

THE LILY.

BY MRS. TIGHE,

Author of "Psyche."

How withered, perished, seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root !
Yet from the blight of wintry storm
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing ;
There in the cold earth, buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

*Oh ! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,*

While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth.

And ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view,
Or mock her fond credulity
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear !
The sun, the shower indeed shall come ;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring !
Shalt from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed ;

Unfold thy robes of purest white
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petal's silvery light
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble sorrow loves to lie,
And bids her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye ;

And bear the long, cold wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom ;
And wait till heaven's reviving light,
Eternal spring ! shall burst the gloom.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY SWIFT.

THERE never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal, whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and, perhaps, it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

The vanity of human life, is like a river, constantly passing away and yet constantly coming on.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Since it is reasonable to doubt most things; we should most of all doubt that reason of ours, which would demonstrate all things.

The most positive men are the most credulous, since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest flatterer and worst enemy—their own self-love.

Those people only will constantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who least deserve you should do them any.

It is not so much the being free from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us : it being with the follies of the mind, as with the weeds of a field, which if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

To relieve the oppressed, is the most glorious act a man is capable of ; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions, like children, who, when they go in the dark will sing for fear.

The Scripture in time of disputes, is like an open town in time of war, which serves indifferently the occasions of both parties : each makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it to the next comer to do the same.

When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old ; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we *proposed*.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a

man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the body ; when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke.

He who tells a lie, is not sensible how great a task he undertakes : for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Dastardly men are like sorry horses, who have but just spirit and mettle enough left to be mischievous.

Some people will never learn anything, for this reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie, for an excuse is a lie guarded.

The general cry is against ingratitude ; be sure the complaint is misplaced, it should be against vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude ; but, almost every body is capable of thinking he has done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he has received less than he receives.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness, or ill grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

It often happens that those are the best people whose characters have been most injured by *slander* ; as we usually find that to be the *sweetest fruit* which the birds have been *pecking at*.

Amusement is the happiness of those that cannot think.

Many men, prejudiced early in disfavour of mankind by bad maxims, never aim at making friendships ; and, while they only think of avoiding the evil, miss of the good that would meet them. They begin the world knaves, for prevention, while others only end so, after disappointment.

The eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms and minutest particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

A king may be a tool, a thing of straw ; but, if he serves to frighten our enemies and secure our property, it is well enough : a scarecrow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet, perhaps, as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold, which the owner knows not of.

Few are qualified to shine in company ; but, it is in most men's power to be agreeable. The reason, therefore, why conversation runs so low at present, is not the defect of understanding, but pride, vanity, ill-nature, affectation, singularity, positiveness, or some other vice, the effect of a wrong education.

Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way ; for want of a block he will stumble at a straw.

The humour of exploding many things under the name of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. For instance, with regard to fame: there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe, even among the vulgar, how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this: however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

EFFECTS OF INDEPENDENCE ON NATIONAL CHARACTER.

BY JOSEPH POLLOCK.*

FROM the independence of Ireland, which will afford an object, scope, and field for arts, industry, and genius, we shall not only secure the residence of our great men, who will find that residence both agreeable and necessary to their interest, but we shall acquire that name of which we are not barely deprived, but which heightens the insolence and insults of our tyrants. Eng

* From the "Letters of Owen Roe O'Neill."

land now shines with light borrowed from her satellite.

“There is a spirit in man as well as an understanding!” They are equally inspired by the Almighty; and he who suffers his spirit to degenerate, as much as if he allowed his understanding to be corrupted, dishonours his Creator by his disfiguring his image.

Has the Almighty stamped folly upon the forehead, or written coward upon the heart of an Irishman? Is he an ass, that he should crouch under every burden? or a stone, that he should be insensible to insult? Are Englishmen gods, that we should worship them? Shines there a glory round them, before which the face of an Irishman should be hid?

Are we not chronicled in all English “Abstracts of the times” as blunderers and blockheads? Do we ever appear upon their stage but to divert their mightinesses by absurdity, and to tickle their hot vanity by self-complacent comparison? Have we courage? It is the courage of a brute. Sense? It is the slightly considering sense of a madman. Generosity or feeling? They are untinctured or unrestrained by a single principle of morality.

The gentleman, that character which marks the man, and which is stamped with the uniform and universal currency of ages and of nations—that character has never yet been attributed to an Irishman! Meanness submits to the imputation. Good humour keeps up the jest. Its authors, however, are half disposed to believe it.

(they have too much reason in our pover spirit!) and the etiquette of the stage and jocularity is as established and as absolute a court of a viceroy. Those who have not dig at home must expect contempt abroad. Ye have travelled, say, which of you had the cour to announce yourselves as Irishmen?

Tarquin having murdered the father and ther of the first Brutus, took him into his and, in kindness to his inoffensive simplicit in pity to his folly, seized for his use the l and revenues of his family. Brutus was standing jest of the court. Boys, dunces, tards, aimed their dull, pointless shafts at If he allowed himself a retort, its finesse gave prise, but excited no suspicions. It was the of a fool shot by accident. He repressed hi dignation, and bade his mighty soul lie still time was yet unripe. At length accident the word. The dagger of Lucretia prod that effect, which poetic fancy has given to spear of Ithuriel. The fool started into a h His smothered indignation burst forth lil torrent! The tyrants had scarcely time t amazed. They were swept from their s and a nation of slaves became a nation heroes!

TWENTY GOLDEN YEARS AGO.

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN,

Author of "German Anthology."

O, THE rain, the weary, dreary rain,
 How it plashes on the window-sill !
 Night, I guess too, must be on the wane,
 Strass and Gass* around are grown so still.
 Here I sit, with coffee in my cup—
 Ah ! t'was rarely I beheld it flow
 In the tavern where I loved to sup
 Twenty golden years ago !

Twenty years ago, alas !—but stay—
 On my life 'tis half-past twelve o'clock !
 After all, the hours *do* slip away—
 Come, here goes to burn another block !
 For the night or morn, is wet and cold ;
 And my fire is dwindling rather low :—
 I had fire enough, when young and bold
 Twenty golden years ago.

Dear ! I don't feel well at all, somehow :
 Few in Weimar dream how bad I am ;
 Floods of tears glow common with me now,
High-Dutch floods, that Reason cannot dam.

* Street and lane.

Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive
 If I mope at home so—I don't know—
Am I living now? I was alive
 Twenty golden years ago.

Wifeless, friendless, flaggonless, alone,
 Not quite bookless, though, unless I chuse,
 Left with nought to do, except to groan,
 Not a soul to woo, except the muse—
 O! this is hard for *me* to bear,
 Me, who whilome lived so much *en haut*,
 Me, who broke all hearts like china-ware
 Twenty golden years ago!

Perhaps 'tis better ;—time's defacing waves,
 Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—
 They who curse me nightly from their graves
 Scarce could love me were they living now ;
 But my loneliness hath darker ills—
 Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought and Care
 Awful Gorgons! worse than tailors' bills
 Twenty golden years ago!

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
 O, how plaintive you would ween I was!
 But I won't, albeit I have a deal
 More to wail about than Kerner has!
 Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
 Mine for withered hopes, my scroll of woe
 Dates, alas! from youth's deserted bowers,
 Twenty golden years ago!

Yet, may Deutschland's bardlings flourish long,
 Me, I tweak no beak among them ;—hawks
Must not pounce on hawks: besides, in song
I could once beat all of them by chalks.

Though you find me, as I near my goal,
Sentimentalizing like Rousseau,
O ! I had a grand Byronian soul
Twenty golden years ago !

Tick-tick, tick-tick !—not a sound save Time's.
And the windgust, as it drives the rain—
Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain !
Sleep !—no more the dupe of hopes or schemes ;
Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
Curious anticlimax to thy dreams
Twenty golden years ago !

RORY O'MOORE, OF BALLYNAGH.

(FROM CARTE'S "ORMOND.")

MR. ROGER, *alias* RORY MOORE, of Ballynagh, in the County of Kildare, a gentleman of honourable and ancient extraction, his ancestors having made a considerable figure in Ireland before the conquest of it by the English, was the principal contriver, and indeed laid the foundation of the rebellion of 1641. He was descended of the chief branch of the O'Moore's, in the county of Leix, and by intermarriages was allied to considerable families of English race. The possessions of his ancestors were now in the hands of the English ; and, incited by a desire of recovering them, and aggrandizing his fortune, which was low and indigent enough, he first formed the design, in concert with the Earl of

Tyrone, (son to the "famous rebel," and a colonel in the Spanish service,) and omitted no art or pains to draw in the most considerable gentlemen, both of English and Irish race, that could be serviceable in the execution of it: inflaming the one with the danger wherein their religion stood from the Scots' Covenanters and the English Parliament; the other with the hopes of recovering their ancient estates and greatness, and both with the glory of asserting the freedom and liberties of their country. He was admirably qualified for this purpose, being endued with all the talents and qualifications proper for persuasion; he was one of the most handsome, comely, and proper persons of his time, of excellent parts, good judgment, and great cunning; affable and courteous in his behaviour, insinuating in his address, and agreeable in his conversation. He understood human nature, and knew men perfectly well; and never was at a loss how to choose his topics, and adapt his discourse, so as to gain those whom he had a mind to inspire with his sentiments and embark in his measures. He was a man of a fair character, highly esteemed by all that knew him, and had so great a reputation for his abilities among the Irish in general, that he was celebrated in their songs, and it was a phrase among them: "God and our lady be our assistance, and Roger O'Moore." He exceedingly detested the cruelties committed by the Irish in Ulster; and when he afterwards got to Sir Phelim O'Neill, he did all he could to stop them; and to establish a regular discipline among his mobbish forces.

CAUSES OF THE INSURRECTION IN 1641.*

THE Lord Mac Guire, Sir Phelim O'Neill, and others of the Irish nation, dissatisfied with their own condition, and consequently weary of the government there, thought this conjuncture† very seasonable for their purpose, and, therefore, that they should not lose the advantage of so fair an opportunity, they quickly put their heads together, and concluded that, on the 23rd of October, 1641, they should surprise the Castle of Dublin, the chief magazine of the kingdom ; and, upon their good success in that attempt, endeavour to take in the rest. But Providence timely discovered this *wicked conspiracy*, and the plotters fell into the pit themselves had dug for others. Mac Guire and Mac Mahon were taken, and, being sent into England, were executed at Tyburn, and the rest forced to retire into woods and mountains to save themselves from the hands of justice. Now the Irish offered me, while I was among them, several reasons why they should at this time enter into such a horrid combination against their natural sovereign. But these following, I think, are the most considerable :—

* From "Castlehaven's Memoirs," a book by a Catholic nobleman, of English descent, written in the royal interest, and with strong prejudices against the native race. His statement of Irish wrongs has all the force of an admission.

† The Scotch rebellion.

1st. They observed, that by the governors of that kingdom they were generally looked upon as a conquered nation, seldom or never treated like natural or free-born subjects ; and for their further excuse said, besides, that a discontented people, while thus used, are very apt to think they are no longer obliged than they are forced to obedience ; but may, by the same way they had lost, when able, regain their liberty.

2ndly. It grieved them extremely that, on the account of Tyrone's rebellion, as they said, six whole counties in Ulster were in a lump escheated to the crown, and little or nothing restored to the natives, though several of them never joined with Tyrone, but a great part bestowed by King James on his countrymen.

3rdly. It did not a little heighten their discontent, that in the Earl of Strafford's time there was a great noise of entitling the crown to the counties of Roscommon, Mayo, Galway, and Cork, with some parts of Tipperary, Limerick, Wicklow, and others ; and they averred, and experience tells us, where the people's property is like to be invaded, neither religion nor loyalty is able to keep them within bounds, if they find themselves in a condition to make any considerable opposition ; and so brought in the saying of those resolute ambassadors of the *Privernates* ; who, though reduced to such a very low condition that they came to beg peace of the senate of Rome, yet being asked what peace should the *Romans* expect from them that had broke it so often ? they boldly answered (which made the senate accept of their proposals) if a good one,

it shall be faithful and lasting ; but if bad, it shall not hold very long. For think not, said they, that any people, or even any man, will in that condition, whereof they are weary, continue any longer than of necessity they must.

4thly. They found that, since the sitting of this parliament, great severities were used against the Roman Catholics in England ; and both houses solicited, by several petitions out of Ireland, to have those of that kingdom treated with the like rigour, which, to a people so fond of their religion as the Irish, was no small inducement to make them while there was an opportunity offered, to stand upon their guard.

5thly. They saw the Scots, by pretending grievances, and taking up arms to get them redressed, had not only gained divers privileges and immunities, but got £30,000 for their visit, besides £850 a day for several months together. And this precedent encouraged the Irish so much at that time, that they offered it to Owen O'Connolly, who discovered the design, as their chief motive of rising then in rebellion ; which, said he, " They engaged in to be rid of the tyrannical government that was over them, and to imitate Scotland, who, by that course, had enlarged their privileges."

Lastly. They foresaw the storm draw on, and such misunderstandings daily arise between the king and parliament, as portended no less than a sudden rupture between them, which made these *malecontents* believe the king, thus engaged, *partly at home, and partly with the Scotch, could not be able to suppress them so far off ; and*

therefore, rather than hold out, would grant them any thing they could in reason demand, at least, more than otherwise they could expect.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

My darling, my darling, while silence is on the moor,
And lone in the sunshine I sit by our cabin door;
When evening falls quiet and calm over land and sea,
My darling, my darling, I think of past times and thee !

Here, while on this cold shore, I wear out my lonely
hours,
My child in the heavens is spreading my bed with
flowers,
All weary my bosom is grown of this friendless clime,
But I long not to leave it ; for that were a shame and
crime.

They bear to the church-yard the youth in their health
away.
I know where a fruit hangs more ripe for the grave than
they ;
But I wish not for death, for my spirit is all resigned,
And the hope that stays with me gives peace to my aged
mind.

My darling, my darling, God gave to my feeble age
A prop for my faint heart, a stay in my pilgrimage.
*My darling, my darling, God takes back his gift again—
And my heart may be broken, but ne'er shall my will
complain.*

FIRST ATTEMPTS OF ENGLAND TO LEGIS-
LATE FOR IRELAND.

(FROM MOLYNEUX'S "CASE OF IRELAND.")*

THE Protestant clergy of Ireland being thus banished from their benefices, many of them accepted such small ecclesiastical promotions in England, as the benevolence of well disposed persons presented them with. But this being directly contrary to a statute in this kingdom, in the 17 and 18 of Charles the Second, cap. 10, Intituled, An Act for Disabling of Spiritual Persons from holding Benefices or other Ecclesiastical Dignities in England or Wales, and in Ireland at the same time. The Protestant Irish clergy thought they could not be too secure in avoiding the penalty of the last mentioned act, and therefore applied themselves to the parliament of England, and obtained an act in the first year of King William and Queen Mary, c. 29, In-

* It was in this book the right of Ireland to an independent legislature was first maintained; her parliament being then little more than a registry office for bills prepared under the direction of the English Privy Council. The doctrine was so distasteful to England that the book was condemned as seditious, and ordered to be burned by the hands of the common hangman. But the blaze of the Volunteer musquetry in another generation threw a new light on the subject, and more than all the rights demanded by Molyneux were conceded.

titled, **An Act for the Relief of the Protestant Irish Clergy.** And this was the first attempt that was made for binding Ireland by an act in England since his majesty's happy accession to the throne of these kingdoms.

When the banished laity of Ireland observed the clergy thus careful to secure their properties, and provide for the worst as well as they could in that juncture, when no other means could be taken by a regular parliament in Ireland; they thought it likewise advisable for them to do something in relation to their concerns.

And accordingly they obtained the Act for the better security and relief of their majesties' Protestant subjects of Ireland.—(1 W. and M. Sess. 2, c. 9.) Wherein King James's Irish parliament at Dublin, and all acts and attainders done by them, are declared void. It is likewise thereby enacted, that no Protestant shall suffer any prejudice in his estate or office, by reason of his absence out of Ireland, since December 25, 1685, and that there should be a remittal of the king's quit-rent, from 25th December, 1688, to the end of the war. Thus the laity thought themselves secure.

And we cannot wonder that during the heat of a bloody war in this kingdom, when it was impossible to secure our estates and properties by a regular parliament of our own, we should have recourse to this means, as the only which then *could be had.* We concluded with ourselves, that *when we had obtained these acts from the parliament in England, we had gone a great way in*

securing the like acts to be passed in a regular parliament in Ireland, whenever it should please God to re-establish us in our own country.

I readily grant, that this and the other fore-mentioned acts in England since the Revolution, when they were made, were looked upon highly in our favour, and for our benefit; and to them, as such, we have conformed ourselves. But then, in all justice and equity, our submission herein is to be deemed purely voluntary, and not at all proceeding from the right we conclude thereby in the legislators.

If a man, who has no jurisdiction over me, command me to do a thing that is pleasing to me, and I do it; it will not thence follow, that thereby he obtains an authority over me, and that ever hereafter I must obey him of duty. If I voluntarily give my money to a man when I please, and think it convenient for me, this does not authorise him at any time to command my money from me when he pleases. If it be said, this allows subjects to obey only whilst it is convenient for them—I pray it may be considered, whether any men obey longer, unless they be forced to it; and whether they will not free themselves from this force as soon as they can.

It is impossible to hinder men from desiring to free themselves from uneasiness; it is a principle of nature, and cannot be eradicated. If submitting to an inconvenience be a less evil than endeavouring to throw it off, men will submit. *But if the inconvenience grow upon them, and be greater than the hazard of getting rid of it*

men will offer at putting it by, let the statesman and divine say what they can.

But I shall yet go a little further, and venture to assert, that the right of being subject only to such laws to which men give their own consent, is so inherent to all mankind, and founded on such immutable laws of nature and reason, that it is not to be aliened, or given up, by any body of men whatsoever:—for the end of all government and laws being the public good of the commonwealth, in the peace, tranquillity and ease of every member therein; whatsoever act is contrary to this end, is in itself void, and of no effect: and therefore for a company of men to say, let us unite ourselves into a society, and let us be absolutely governed by such laws, as such a legislator, without ever consulting us, shall devise for us; it is always to be understood, provided we find them for our benefit: for to say, we will be governed by those laws, whether they be good or hurtful to us, is absurd in itself: for to what end do men join in society, but to avoid hurt, and the inconveniencies of the state of nature?

GROWTH OF AN IRISH PARTY—DR. LUCAS,

(FROM MOORE'S "CAPTAIN ROCK.")

FOR about fifty years after the Revolution, there was in the politics of Ireland no Irish party. Our parliament was but a sort of chapel of ease to that in Westminster; Irish pensions, Irish peerages, and even Irish patriotism were all exclusively in the hands of Englishmen; and, though now and then their deliberations affected to be patriotic and national, the country itself had as little to do with the matter, as a corpse has with the inquest the coroner holds over it.

It was not till about the period of Lord Harrington's administration 1747, that the English in Ireland began to be, as Bushe says, "domiciliated," and to feel that they had a country—and it is in the writings of that indefatigable Tribune, Dr. Lucas, that the first dawnings of a national and Irish feeling are to be found. No longer circumscribing the spirit of patriotism within the wizard circle of the "Protestant interest," he was the first member of the Parliament of Ireland, that dared to extend his sympathies beyond the little colony around him, to the great mass of the Irish nation; and there is one of his addresses, in which putting aside, boldly and entirely, the eternal scapegoat of Popery, he arraigns the whole conduct of England towards Ireland, and declares that "tr

Mexicans were never used worse by the barbarous Spaniards, than the poor Irish had been for centuries by the English.

The duration of our parliament had been, till this time, for the whole life of the king, so that the parliament which the death of George II. dissolved, had been in existence thirty-two years! and it was by the exertions of Lucas that they were at length, in the year 1767, limited to the period of eight years. But still their dependency on the will of England was so absolute, and all power of originating bills—even money bills—was so completely taken away from them, that their deliberations and decisions, except for purposes of corruption, were mere acting and child's play. This system of government was all but a long rehearsal for the union, that last grand *bouquet* of the *feux d'artifice* of corruption. But the slightest hint of such a measure was received with universal indignation. The people preferred, of the two, a bad parliament to none at all—and the event has shown that they were right. Like Harlequin decapitated, "though his head was no great ornament to him when *on*, you cannot imagine how awkward he looks without it."

CHARACTER OF JAMES EARL OF
CHARLEMONT,*

(Abridged from Sir Jonah Barrington's "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation," and "Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. Henry Flood, M.P.")

FROM the first moment that James Earl of Charlemont embarked in Irish politics, he proved himself to be one of the most honest and dignified personages that can be traced in the Annals of Irish History; the love of his country was interwoven with his existence—their union was complete—their separation impossible; but his talents were rather of the conducting class, and his wisdom of a deliberative nature—his mind was more pure than vigorous—more elegant than powerful—and his capacity seemed better adapted to counsel in peace than to command in war. Though he was not devoid of ambition, and was proud of his popularity, his principles were calm, and his moderation predominant. For some years at the head of a great army, in the heart of a powerful people,

* Sir Jonah Barrington is an instance of a corrupt man writing a good book; we have no such lively and graphic portraiture of the leading spirits of the time as his. But, in introducing his authority into the "Library of Ireland," we feel it necessary to warn our readers that though our selections from him are unexceptionable, they cannot believe all that he has written, nor approve of all that he has done.

in the hand of an injured nation, during the most critical epoch that a kingdom ever experienced, he conducted the Irish Nation with incredible temperance; and, in the midst of tempests, he flowed on in an unruffled stream, fertilizing the plain of liberty, and enlarging the channel of independence, but too smooth and too gentle to turn the vast machinery of revolution.

His view of political objects, though always honest was frequently erroneous; small objects sometimes appeared too important, and great ones too hazardous; though he would not actually temporize, he could be seduced to hesitate—yet even when his decision was found wandering from the point of its destination, it was invariably discoverable that discretion was the seducer.

Had the unwise pertinacity of England persisted in her errors, and plunged his country into more active contest, his mildness, his constitution, and his love of order would have unadapted him to the vicissitudes of civil commotion, or the energetic promptitude of military tactics; but fortunately the adoption of his counsels rendered his sword unnecessary.

His indisposition to the extent of Catholic liberty, nourished by the prejudice of the times, was diminished by the patriotism of the people. The Catholics of 1780 preferred their country to their claims; and amongst that people he gained by his honesty, what he lost by his intolerance, and lived just long enough to experience and to *mourn the fallibility* of his predictions.

Around this nobleman the Irish volunteers flocked as around a fortress; the standard of

liberty was supported by his character—the unity of the empire was protected by his wisdom ; and as if Providence had attached him to the destinies of Ireland, he arose, he flourished, and he sunk with his country.

The noble earl eminently excelled in a graceful diction ; neither studied nor pedantic, yet conveying his thoughts perspicuously ; with a propriety and a warmth of expression which entitle his letters to a place in epistolary literature. In every letter, almost in every sentence, we trace the warm affection of a friend in the most refined conception. We find but few in the pages of history who possessed, in an equal degree with the noble earl, the more endearing virtues adorned with the accomplishments that polite literature and foreign travel afford. As a politician, he stood the mediator of parties and the untiring patriot. In his character seems to have been blended much of what is noble in nature, with what is most attractive in learning and the arts. His munificence was without ostentation ; his political exertions were without reward ; his integrity was without spot. Endued with a mild and limited genius, a quick perception, and a discriminating taste ; the more ardent faculties of his mind were subdued by the benign influence of benevolence : and of the illustrious men of his country, he most deserved the name as he most resembled the character of Atticus.

LETTER FROM LORD CHARLEMONT TO
MR. FLOOD.

THE pleasure I receive from your letters, my dearest Flood, which would otherwise be as perfect and as entire as my friendship and regard for you, is not a little alloyed and diminished by the disagreeable accounts they too often contain of the very precarious state of your health. For heaven's sake, what should sickness have to do with you? Can she then extend her baleful influence over the spirits? for surely otherwise you, who are *all soul*, could never be liable to her attacks! Are there not enough of those, whose souls, as well as their bodies, seem to be moulded of clay, and who ought therefore to be wholly and entirely subject to her cursed domination? Over such let her extend her tyranny—and heaven knows that her empire will be sufficiently extensive, indeed almost universal; but let the few spirits that yet remain unadulterated and unmixed with the dross of matter, be as they ought to be (if all be true which we are bound to believe), free from her hated despotism. But "spirit" will in the end triumph, and must remain superior to her lawless efforts; and therefore I will lay aside my fears with regard to you, and proceed to thank you for your last *kind letter*, which afforded me the highest satisfaction, by informing me of your glorious per-

severance in what I am proud to call our common cause, and of Lord Tyrone's deserved success.

I could readily have believed almost anything of the complete and unalterable servility of my worthy brethren, yet this last instance out-does all the rest, and had it been any other body of men would indeed have been scarcely credible. That men on this side of the water should be blinded by the dazzling light of court sunshine, however extraordinary, is not out of nature; but that a *mouthful of moonshine*, for such, alas! is the dim reflected lustre of our secondary court, should be able thus to dazzle and to blind, is indeed wonderful, and augurs the most extreme weakness of sight. * * * * *

I do not so well recollect Lord Mansfield's arguments as those of his antagonist, and that for many good reasons; because they did not carry to me conviction with them—because sophistry is not so easily traced and recollected as plain and strong reasoning, and because my attention was more fixed by Chatham than by Mansfield, from a degree of partiality and prejudice in his favour which I am by no means ashamed to confess.

There never was a better fight; each of them spoke thrice; both as eloquent and as ingenious as possible, but in my opinion the victory in argument remained with Lord Chatham. The bill was, however, committed without a division.

For me to attempt a comparison between these two great men would be much too hard an enterprise. In all the parts of oratory they are, I think, nearly equal; though they who pretend to be unprejudiced (which, I am proud to say,

am not), may, perhaps, think that Mansfield in his speaking has more of the orator, though all will allow that Chatham has, even in his manner, more of the good citizen and virtuous man.

The one seems always to speak from conviction, and more from his heart than his head. The general good of mankind seems to be his particular interest, and the warmth of his zeal persuades as much as the strength of his argument; the other apparently speaks for a party, and harangues as if his cause were not his own, but merely his client's. Lord Mansfield's manner seems to command your attention, and to order you to be convinced, under the penalty of passing for a fool. Lord Chatham entreats you to listen to him—a request which it is impossible to refuse—and sues you to be convinced for your own good. Mansfield can never divest himself of the lawyer; he speaks as if he were feed; nor is his manner, though excellent, void of the bar cant. Chatham is the polite gentleman, without cant or the smallest degree of affectation, and seems to deliver his sentiments for no other reason than that he thinks himself in the right, and that it is his duty to persuade others to think as he does. Mansfield, in short, seems to persuade for his own advantage; Chatham for that of his audience; the one commands your admiration, the other gains your love. Mansfield is strong in sophistry, and puzzles you out of your senses; Chatham is as strong in unravelling that sophistry, and you thank him for restoring you to your reason. But I have foolishly and unwittingly undertaken a task which I cannot accomplish.

* * * * *

FLOOD AND GRATTAN.

(FROM FLOOD'S MEMOIRS.*)

WITHIN the period of their lives, some of the most memorable circumstances occurred in the unconstitutional history of their country, since its stipulated submission to Henry the Second, and his investiture with the regal diadem. Mr. Flood entered the Irish senate towards the close of 1759, in his twenty-seventh year, and continued for sixteen years unrivalled; disseminating the doctrines of Molyneux and Locke, and receiving the encomiums of the venerable Malone, and the upright Osborne. Many acts of great national importance are comprised in that period.

Mr. Grattan entered the senate, the autumn of 1775, in his twenty-fifth year, sixteen years after his rival, and began his labours when the constitution of his country assumed the semblance of the British. Though endued with the spirit of the age, yet, till he moved the "address to the throne," he ineffectually toiled. That moment was propitious—the moral and physical energies of Ireland were roused, and he was instrumental in effecting, after a brief career of six years, what had been the meditations of his rival for twenty-four.

* By his nephew, Warden Flood.

The talents and acquirements of these great men were characteristic of their natures. Mr. Flood seemed to condense all the powers of his mind to convince ; energy, strength, and ratiocination, were more eminent in him than his contemporary. To assist and keep in action these faculties, his memory was the most retentive, and his perceptions the most discriminating : his imagination was made subservient, which the frequent use of the syllogism was adapted to effect. "Therefore, in argument he was superior, in this respect surpassing any man in the Irish senate ; displaying, as the subject demanded, a close and compact, or a diffuse and comprehensive style ; pertinently enforcing the principal points of the question, connecting what was separate, and scientifically unfolding what was abstracted." His acquirements as a scholar, combined with his natural temperament, directed him to follow the severest model of Grecian eloquence, and, it may be said of him, as Plutarch has said of Demosthenes, "his ability to explain himself, was a mere acquisition, and not so perfect but that it required great candour and indulgence in the audience." Mr. Flood aimed at the force and vehemence of his model, and the habit of versification gave him a power of condensing his thoughts with sententious brevity.

Mr. Grattan had more brilliant talents ; and an unrestrained imagination gave a magnificence to his style. His mind scintillated with new-born *sparks of patriotic fire*, that with the rapidity of *the electric fluid* passed from one to another. *The profusion*, the splendour, the variety of his

imagery, received all the art and accuracy of the most perfect rhetorician ; therefore, his powers were such as would captivate and persuade rather than convince. In invective, a species of elocution ill suited to the purposes of public deliberation, he endeavoured to excel. His weapons, though sufficiently sharp, were totally destitute of polish ; and the composition of his famed philippic, had much more of the broad and coarse ribaldry of the bar, than the pointed, the elegant, and the witty raillery of the senate ; his reproaches had a sting that refused to be healed, which Cicero must have told him "the orator should avoid."

Mr. Flood, in invective, peculiarly excelled ; he gave it a poignancy and severity which the Iambic measure of Archilochus hardly exceeded, and which the most conversant and most obstinate in such contests had, after months of preparation, felt to be more keen and more cutting than their studied philippics.

His arrangement was clear, regular, and accurately scientific, gradually leading from what was easy to what was abstruse—from what was conceded to what was disputed ; forming a connected chain of argumentation, wherein not a link could be broken without diminishing its force, nor one removed without injuring its evidence.

Mr. Grattan's voice was thin, sharp, and not powerful ; his stature short, his action peculiar, and his delivery rapid. Mr. Flood's voice was clear and distinct ; his delivery, though not rapid, *was suited to the ardour of his language.* His

action was spirited and dignified ; his figure tall, and manner courtly.

Mr. Grattan, in the memory of his countrymen, is the more popular patriot and orator, from his advocacy of the Catholic claims, and abolition of tithes, and the comparative recency of his triumphant endeavours. Mr. Flood maintained the opinion of Protestant ascendancy in the institutions, as in the property of the country; he was therefore against the extension of the elective franchise to Catholics at that period—his political scepticism diminished the regard of the Catholics for him. He was profoundly versed in all constitutional and political learning, familiarly acquainted with law and deeply skilled in the theory of commerce. To record his parliamentary conduct, would be to enumerate all the great questions that were discussed during thirty years, in each of which he took the most decided part in favour of the prosperity of Ireland and the honour of the crown.

Mr. Grattan's eloquence was glowing, impassioned, amplifying, and figurative ; he appeared in the British senate, under the auspices of the Whig leader, to speak on "the Catholic claims," a question, of all others he was most familiar with ; he, therefore, was prepared to second the motion, and, encouraged by Mr. Fox, who brought him from a remote seat, he spoke with a success which determined his renown. Fortune put forth all her accessories to secure him never-fading glory. He was the morning-star that *rose with the dawn of freedom over his father-*

land; he appeared sixteen years later, and continued thirty years after his rival luminary had set. The period, the measures, and the administrations were auspicious: and his plastic disposition secured him the favour of his patrons and his party.

Both were ardent advocates of freedom: the one with a learned and philosophic mind, the other with an enthusiastic and impetuous nature.

WALTER HUSSEY BURGH.

BY SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

THE office of Prime Sergeant, then the first law officer of Ireland, was filled at this period by one of the most amiable and eloquent men that ever appeared on the stage of politics—by Walter Hussey Burgh, whose conduct in a subsequent transaction rendered him justly celebrated and illustrious. This gentleman was then representative for Dublin University; in which office he and Mr. Fitzgibbon were colleagues—men, in whose public characters, scarcely a trait of similarity can be discovered. Mild, moderate, and patriotic, Mr. Burgh was proud without arrogance, and dignified without effort; equally attentive to public concerns and careless of his own, he had neither avarice to acquire wealth, nor *parsimony to hoard it*: liberal, even to profusion—*friendly to a fault*—and disinterested to a weak-

ness—he was honest without affluence, and ambitious without corruption :—his eloquence was of the highest order—figurative, splendid, and convincing :—at the bar, in the parliament, and among the people, he was equally admired, and universally respected. When Mr. Henry Grattan moved the celebrated amendment to the address, stating the grievances of Ireland, and praying his majesty to open a free export trade, and to let his Irish subjects enjoy their natural birth-right, Mr. Hussey Burgh (the prime sergeant) arose from the treasury bench, with that proud dignity so congenial to his character, and declared, that he never would support any government, in fraudulently concealing from the king the right of his people ; that the high office which he possessed could hold no competition with his principles and his conscience, and he should consider the relinquishment of his gown only as a just sacrifice upon the altar of his country ; that strong statement, rather than pathetic supplication, was adapted to the crisis ; and he proposed to Mr. Grattan, to substitute for his amendment, the following words :—“ That it is not by *temporary expedients*, that this nation is now to be saved from impending ruin.”

The effect of this speech was altogether indescribable, nor is it easily to be conceived by those who were not witnesses of that remarkable transaction ; the house, quick in its conception, and rapidly susceptible of every impression, felt the *whole force* of this unexpected and important *secession*. The character, the talents, the eloquence of this great man, bore down every symp-

tom of further resistance ; many of the usual supporters of government, and some of the viceroy's immediate connections, instantly followed his example, and in a moment the victory was decisive—not a single negative could the minister procure—and Mr. Burgh's amendment passed unanimously amidst a tumult of joy and exultation. Mr. Burgh did not long survive the service he did his country—nor did his country long survive the service which he rendered it.

GRATTAN, ON THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

IN the list of injured characters I beg leave to say a few words for the good and gracious Earl of Charlemont. An attack, not only on his measures, but on his representative, makes his vindication seasonable. Formed to unite aristocracy and the people ; with the manners of a court, and the principles of a patriot ; with the flame of liberty, and the love of order ; unassailable to the approaches of power, of profit, or of titles ; he annexed to the love of freedom a veneration for order, and cast on the crowd that followed him the gracious light of his own accomplishments ; so that the very rabble grew civilized as it approached his person. For years did he preside over a great army without pay or reward, and he helped to accomplish a great revolution without a drop of blood. Let slaves *utter their slander*, and bark at glory which is *conferred by the people* ; his name will stand.—

And when their clay shall be gathered to the dust to which they belong, his monument, whether in marble, or in the hearts of his countrymen, shall be resorted to as a subject for sorrow, and an excitation to virtue.

SPEECH OF WOLFE TONE AT HIS TRIAL.

MR. President, and Gentlemen of the Court Martial: I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof, to convict me, legally, of having acted in hostility to the government of his Britannic majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact.

From my earliest youth, I have regarded the connexion between Ireland and Great Britain, as the curse of the Irish nation; and felt convinced, that, whilst it lasted, this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year, and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence, I determined to apply all the powers, which my individual efforts could move, in order to separate the two countries.

That Ireland was not able, of herself, to throw off the yoke, I knew. I therefore sought for aid, wherever it was to be found. In honorable poverty, I rejected offers, which, to a man in *my circumstances*, might be considered highly *advantageous*. I remained faithful to what I *thought the cause of my country*, and sought in

the French Republic an ally, to rescue three millions of my countrymen from

The president here interrupted the prisoner, observing, that this language was neither relevant to the charge, nor such as ought to be delivered in a public court. One member said, it seemed calculated only to inflame the minds of a certain description of people, (the United Irishmen) many of whom might probably be present; and that, therefore, the court ought not to suffer it. The judge advocate said, he thought that if Mr. Tone meant this paper to be laid before his excellency, in way of *extenuation*, it must have a quite contrary effect, if any of the foregoing part was suffered to remain.

Tone.—I shall urge this topic no further, since it seems disagreeable to the court; but shall proceed to read the few words which remain.

Gen. Loftus.—If the remainder of your address, Mr. Tone, is of the same complexion with what you have already read, will you not hesitate, for a moment, in proceeding, since you have learned the opinion of the court?

Tone.—I believe there is nothing in what remains for me to say, which can give any offence. I mean to express my feelings and gratitude towards the Catholic body, in whose cause I was engaged.—

Gen. Loftus.—That seems to have nothing to say to the charge against you, to which only you are to speak. If you have anything to offer in defence or extenuation of that charge, the court will hear you; but they beg that you will confine yourself to that subject.

Tone.—I shall, then, confine myself to some points, relative to my connection with the French army. Attached to no party in the French Republic, without interest, without money, without intrigue, the openness and integrity of my views raised me to a high and confidential rank in its armies. I obtained the confidence of the Executive Directory, the approbation of my generals, and, I venture to add, the esteem and affection of my brave comrades. When I review these circumstances, I feel a secret and internal consolation, which no reverse of fortune, no sentence in the power of this court to inflict, can ever deprive me of, or weaken in any degree.

Under the flag of the French Republic, I originally engaged, with a view to save and liberate my own country. For that purpose, I have encountered the chances of war, amongst strangers: for that purpose, I have repeatedly braved the terrors of the ocean, covered, as I knew it to be, with the triumphant fleets of that power, which it was my glory and my duty to oppose. I have sacrificed all my views in life; I have courted poverty; I have left a beloved wife, unprotected, and children whom I adored, fatherless. After such sacrifices, in a cause which I have always conscientiously considered as the cause of justice and freedom—it is no great effort, at this day, to add, “the sacrifice of my life.”

But I hear it said, that this unfortunate country has been a prey to all sorts of horrors. I *sincerely lament it*. I beg, however, it may be *remembered*, that I have been absent four years *from Ireland*. To me these sufferings can never

be attributed. I designed, by fair and open war, to procure the separation of the two countries.

For open war I was prepared ; but if, instead of that, a system of private assassination has taken place, I repeat, whilst I deplore it, that it is not chargeable on me. Atrocities, it seems, have been committed on both sides. I do not less deplore them ; I detest them from my heart ; and to those who know my character and sentiments, I may safely appeal for the truth of this assertion. With them, I need no justification.

In a cause like this, success is everything.—Success, in the eyes of the vulgar, fixes its merits. Washington succeeded, and Kosciusko failed.

After a combat nobly sustained, a combat which would have excited the respect and sympathy of a generous enemy, my fate was to become a prisoner. To the eternal disgrace of those who gave the order, I was brought hither in irons, like a felon. I mention this for the sake of others ; for me, I am indifferent to it ; I am aware of the fate which awaits me, and scorn equally the tone of complaint and that of supplication.

As to the connexion between this country and Great Britain, I repeat it, all that has been imputed to me, words, writings, and actions, I here deliberately avow. I have spoken and acted with reflection, and on principle, and am ready to meet the consequences. Whatever be the sentence of *this court*, I am prepared for it. Its members *will surely discharge their duty* ; I shall take care *not to be wanting to mine.*

This speech was pronounced in a tone so magnanimous, so full of a noble and calm serenity, as seemed deeply and visibly to affect all its hearers, the members of the court not excepted. A pause ensued of some continuance, and silence reigned in the hall, till interrupted by Tone himself, who inquired, whether it was not usual to assign an interval between the sentence and execution?

The judge advocate answered, that the voices of the court would be collected without delay, and the result transmitted forthwith to the Lord Lieutenant. If the prisoner, therefore, had any farther observations to make, now was the moment.

Tone.—I wish to offer a few words, relative to one single point—to the mode of punishment.—In France, our *Emigrés*, who stand nearly in the same situation, in which, I suppose I now stand before you, are condemned to be shot. I ask, that the court should adjudge me the death of a soldier, and let me be shot by a platoon of grenadiers. I request this indulgence, rather in consideration of the uniform which I wear, the uniform of a Chef de Brigade in the French army, than from any personal regard to myself.

In order to evince my claim to this favour, I beg that the court may take the trouble to peruse my commission and letters of service in the French army. It will appear from these papers, that I have not received them as a mask to cover me, but that I have been long and *bona fide* an officer in the French service.

Judge Advocate.—You must feel that the

papers you allude to, will serve as undeniable proofs against you.

Tone.—Oh!—*I know it well*—I have already admitted the facts, and I now admit the papers as full proofs of conviction.

TONE'S GRAVE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

IN Bodinstown Churchyard there is a green grave,
And wildly along it the winter winds rave ;
Small shelter, I ween, are the ruin'd walls there,
When the storm sweeps down on the plains of Kildare.

Once I lay on that sod—it lies over Wolfe Tone—
And thought how he perished in prison alone,
His friends unavenged, and his country unfreed—
“Oh, bitter,” I said, “is the patriot's meed ;

For in him the heart of a woman combin'd
With a heroic life, and a governing mind—
A martyr for Ireland—his grave has no stone—
His name seldom nam'd, and his virtues unknown.”

I was woke from my dream by the voices and tread
Of a band, who came into the home of the dead ;
They carried no corpse, and they carried no stone,
And they stopp'd when they came to the grave of Wolfe
Tone.

*There were students and peasants, the wise and the
brave,
And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave.*

And children who thought me hard-hearted ; for they,
On that sanctified sod, were forbidden to play.

But the old man, who saw I was mourning there, said,
"We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is
laid,

And we're going to raise him a monument, too—
A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true."

My heart overflow'd, and I clasped his old hand,
And I bless'd him, and bless'd every one of his band ;
"Sweet ! sweet ! 'tis to find that such faith can remain
To the cause, and the man so long vanquish'd and slain."

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In Bodinstown Churchyard there is a green grave,
And freely around it let winter winds rave—
Far better they suit him—the ruin and gloom,
Till Ireland, a nation, can build him a tomb.

DISSOLUTION OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.*

BY SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

THE day of extinguishing the liberties of Ireland arrived, and the sun took his last view of independent Ireland ; he rose no more over a proud and prosperous nation. She was now condemned, by the British Minister, to renounce her rank among the states of Europe ; she was sentenced *to cancel her constitution, to disband her Com-*

* *From "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation."*

mons, and disfranchise her nobility ; to proclaim her incapacity, and register her corruption in the records of the empire.

On this fatal event, some, whose honesty the tempter could not destroy—some, whose honour he durst not assail—and many who could not control the useless language of indignation, prudently withdrew from a scene where they would have witnessed only the downfall of their country. Every precaution was taken by Lord Clare for the security, at least, of his own person. The houses of parliament were closely invested by the military ; no demonstration of popular feeling was permitted ; a British regiment, near the entrance, patrolled through the Ionic colonnades ; the chaste architecture of that classic structure seemed as a monument to the falling Irish, to remind them of what they had been, and to tell them what they were. It was a heart-rending sight to those who loved their country—it was a sting to those who sold it—and to those who purchased it a victory ; but to none has it been a triumph. Thirty-three years of miserable experience should now convince the British people that they gained neither strength, nor affection, nor tranquillity, by their acquisition ; and that if population be the “wealth of nations,” Ireland is getting by far too rich to be governed much longer as a pauper.”

The Commons House of Parliament, on the last evening, afforded the most melancholy example of a fine, independent people, betrayed, divided, sold, and, as a state, annihilated. British clerks and officers were smuggled into her parliament, to vote away the constitution of a country to which

they were strangers, and in which they had neither interest nor connexion. They were employed to cacenl the royal charter of the Irish nation, guaranteed by the British government, sanctioned by British legislature, and unequivocally confirmed by the words, the signature, and the great seal of their monarch.

The situation of the Speaker, on that night, was of the most distressing nature ; a sincere and ardent enemy of the measure, he headed its opponents ; he resisted it with all the power of his mind, the resources of his experience, his influence, and his eloquence. It was, however, through his voice that it was to be proclaimed and consummated. His only alternative (resignation) would have been unavailing, and could have added nothing to his character. His expressive countenance bespoke the inquietude of his feelings ; solicitude was perceptible in every glance, and his embarrassment was obvious in every word he uttered. The galleries were full, but the change was lamentable ; they were no longer crowded with those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence and to animate the debates of that devoted assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches—scarcely a word was exchanged among the members—nobody seemed at ease—no cheerfulness was apparent—and the ordinary business, for a short time, proceeded in the usual manner.

At length the expected moment arrived—the order of the day for the third reading of the Bill, for a "*Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland*," was moved by Lord Castlereagh—

inverted, tame, coldblooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips; and, as if a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject. At that moment he had no country—no god but his ambition; he made his motion, and resumed his seat, with the utmost composure and indifference.

Confused murmurs again ran through the house—it was visibly affected—every character, in a moment, seemed involuntarily rushing to its index; some pale, some flushed, some agitated; there were few countenances to which the heart did not despatch some messenger. Several members withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful, momentary silence succeeded their departure.

The Speaker rose slowly from that chair which had been the proud source of his honours and of his high character: for a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent. With that dignity which never failed to signalize his official actions, he held up the bill for a moment in silence; he looked steadily around him on the last agony of the expiring Parliament. He at length repeated, in an emphatic tone, “as many as are of opinion that this bill do pass, say ay.”

The affirmative was languid but indisputable—another momentary pause ensued—again his lips seemed to decline their office: at length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed, with a subdued voice, “the ~~AYES~~ have it.”

The fatal sentence was now pronounced—for

an instant he stood statue-like; then indignantly and with disgust, flung the bill upon the table and sunk into his chair with an exhausted spirit. An independent country was thus degraded into a province—Ireland, as a nation, was extinguished.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

BY THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.*

WHENE'ER, with haggard eyes, I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true,
Who studied with me at the U—
niversity of Gottingen.

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in—
Alas! Matilda *then* was true!
At least I thought so at the U—
niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
Her neat post-waggon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn, I languished at the U—
niversity of Gottingen.

* George Canning, like the long and mournful array of Irishmen who lived out of Ireland, has left little behind him having any reference to his country. But a collection like this would be incomplete without some specimen of his brilliant and disciplined genius, which was *mistakeably Irish*, even when it repudiated Ireland.

This faded form ! this pallid hue !
This blood my veins is clotting in.
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen !
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
tor, law professor at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in :
Here, doomed to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

AN IRISH WAKE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.*

I HAVE often, indeed always, felt that there is something extremely touching in the Irish cry ; in fact, that it breathes the very spirit of wild and natural sorrow. The Irish peasantry, whenever a death takes place, are exceedingly happy in seizing upon any contingent circumstances that may occur, and making them subservient to the excitement of grief for the departed, or the exaltation and praise of his character and virtues.

'From "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

My entrance was a proof of this. I had scarcely advanced to the middle of the floor, when my intimacy with the deceased, our boyish sports, and even our quarrels, were adverted to with a natural eloquence and pathos, that, in spite of my firmness, occasioned me to feel the prevailing sorrow. They spoke, or chanted mournfully, in Irish; but the substance of what they said was as follows:—

“Oh, Denis, Denis, *avourneen*! you’re lying low this mornin’ of sorrow!—lying low are you, and does not know who it is (alluding to me) that is standin’ over you, weepin’ for the days you spent together in your youth! It is yourself, *acushla agus asthore machree*! (the pulse and beloved of my heart!) that would stretch out the right hand warmly to welcome him to the place of his birth, where you had both been so often happy about the green hills and valleys with each other! He’s here now, standin’ over you, and it’s he, of all his family, kind and respectable as they are, that was your own favourite, Denis, *avourneen dhelish*! He alone was the companion that you loved! with no other could you be happy! For him did you fight, when he wanted a friend in your young quarrels! and if you had a dispute with him, were you not sorry for it? Are you not now stretched in death before him, and will he not forgive you?”

All this was uttered, of course, extemporaneously, and without the least preparation. They then passed on to an enumeration of his virtues as a father, a husband, son, and brother; specified his worth as he stood related to society

in general, and his kindness as a neighbour and a friend.

An occurrence now took place which may serve, in some measure, to throw light upon many of the atrocities and outrages which take place in Ireland. Before I mention it, however, I think it necessary to make a few observations relative to it. I am convinced that those who are intimately acquainted with the Irish peasantry, will grant that there is not on the earth a class of people in whom the domestic affections of blood-relationship are so pure, strong, and sacred.

The birth of a child will occasion a poor man to break in upon the money set apart for his landlord, in order to keep the christening, surrounded by his friends and neighbours, with due festivity.

A marriage exhibits a spirit of joy, an exuberance of happiness and delight, to be found only in the Green Island; and the death of a member of a family is attended with a sincerity of grief, scarcely to be expected from men so much the creatures of the more mirthful feelings. In fact, their sorrow is a solecism in humanity—at once deep and loud—mingled up, even in its wildest paroxysms, with a laughter-loving spirit.

It is impossible that an Irishman, sunk in the lowest depths of affliction, could permit his grief to flow in all its sad solemnity, even for a day, without some glimpse of his natural humour throwing a faint and rapid light over the gloom within him. No; there is an amalgamation of sentiments in his mind which, as I said before, would puzzle any philosopher to account for.

Yet it would be wrong to say, though his gri

has something of an unsettled and ludicrous character about it, that he is incapable of the most subtle and delicate shades of sentiment, or the deepest and most desolating intensity of sorrow.

But he laughs off those heavy vapours which hang about the moral constitution of the people of other nations, giving them a morbid habit, which leaves them neither strength nor firmness to resist calamity—which they feel less keenly than an Irishman, exactly as a healthy man will feel the pangs of death with more acuteness than one who is wasted away by debility and decay.

The Irishman seldom or never hangs himself, because he is capable of too much real feeling to permit himself to become the slave of that which is factitious. There is no void in his affections or sentiments, which a morbid and depraved sensibility could occupy; but his feelings, of what character soever they may be, are strong, because they are fresh and healthy.

For this reason I maintain, that when the domestic affections come under the influence of either grief or joy, the peasantry of no nation are capable of feeling so deeply. Even on the ordinary occasions of death, sorrow, though it alternates with mirth and cheerfulness, in a manner peculiar to themselves, lingers long in the unseen recesses of domestic life: *any hand, therefore, whether by law or violence, that plants a wound here, will suffer to the death.*

When my brother and I entered the house, *the body had just been put into the coffin; and it is usual after this takes place, and before it is nailed down, for the immediate relations of the*

family to embrace the deceased, and take their last look and farewell of his remains. In the present instance, the children were brought over, one by one, to perform that trying and melancholy ceremony.

The first was an infant on the breast, whose little innocent mouth was held down to that of its dead father; the babe smiled upon his still and solemn features, and would have played with his grave clothes, but that the murmur of unfeigned sorrow, which burst from all present, occasioned it to be removed. The next was a fine little girl of three or four years, who inquired where they were going to bring her daddy, and asked if he would not soon come back to *her*.

"My daddy's sleepin' a long time," said the child, "but I'll waken him till he sings me 'Peggy Slevin.' I like my daddy best, bekase I sleeps wid him, and he brings me good things from the fair; he bought me this ribbon," said she, pointing to a ribbon which he had purchased for her.

The rest of the children were sensible of their loss, and truly it was a distressing scene. His eldest son and daughter, the former about fourteen, the latter about two years older, lay on the coffin kissing his lips, and were with difficulty torn away from it.

"Oh!" said the boy, "he is goin' from us, and night or day we will never see him or hear him more! Oh! father, father, is that the last sight we are ever to see of your face?—why, father dear, did you die, and leave us for ever?—for ever—wasn't your heart good to us, and your words kind to us—oh! your last smile is smiles

—your last kiss given—and your last kind word spoken to your childre, that you loved, and that loved you as we did. Father, core of my heart, are you gone for ever, and your voice departed? Oh! the murdherers, oh! the murdherers, the murdherers!” he exclaimed, “that killed my father; for only for them, he would be still wid us; but, by the God that’s over me, if I live, night or day I will not rest, till I have blood for blood; nor do I care who hears it, nor if I was hanged the next minute.”

As these words escaped him, a deep and awful murmur of suppressed vengeance burst from his relations. At length their sorrow became too strong to be repressed, and as it was the time to take their last embrace and look of him, they came up, and after fixing their eyes on his face in deep affliction, their lips began to quiver, and their countenances became convulsed. They then burst out simultaneously into a tide of violent grief, which, after having indulged in it for some time, they checked. But the resolution of revenge was stronger than their grief, for standing over his dead body, they repeated, almost word for word, the vow of vengeance which the son had just sworn. It was really a scene dreadfully and terribly solemn; and I could not avoid reflecting upon the mystery of nature, which can, from the deep power of domestic affection, cause to spring a determination to crime of so black a dye.

During all this time the heart-broken widow sat beyond the coffin, looking upon what passed with a stupid sense of bereavement; and when

they had all performed this last ceremony, it was found necessary to tell her that the time was come for the procession of the funeral, and that they only waited for her to take, as the rest did, her last look and embrace of her husband. When she heard this, it pierced her like an arrow : she became instantly collected, and her complexion assumed a dark shade of despairing anguish, which it was an affliction even to look upon. She then stooped over the coffin, and kissed him several times, after which she ceased sobbing, and lay silently with her mouth to his. The character of a faithful wife sorrowing for a beloved husband, has that in it which compels both respect and sympathy. There was not at this moment a dry eye in the house. She still lay silent on the coffin ; but as I observed that her bosom seemed not to heave as it did a little before, I was convinced that she had become insensible. She was then brought to the air, and, after some trouble, recovered. I recommended them to put her to bed, and not to subject her to any unnecessary anguish, by a custom which was really too soul-piercing to endure. This, however, was, in her opinion, the violation of an old rite sacred to her heart and affections—she would not hear of it for an instant. Again she was helped out between her brother and brother-in-law ; and after stooping down, and doing as the others had done—

“Now,” said she, “I will sit here, and keep him under my eye as long as I can—surely you *won't blame me for it ; you all know the kind*

husband he was to me, and the good right I have to be sorry for him ! Oh !” she added, “ is it thrue at all ?—is he, my own Denis, the young husband of my early—and my first love, in good airnest dead, and going to leave me here—me, Denis, that you loved so tindherly, and our childre, that your brow was never clouded against ? Can I believe myself, or is it a dhrame ? Denis, *avick machree ! avick machree !* your hand was dreaded, and a good right it had, for it was the manly hand, that was ever and always raised in defence of them that wanted a friend ; abroad, in the faction fight, against the oppressor, your name was ever feared, *acushla !* but *at home—at home—where was your fellow ?* Denis, *agrah*, do you know the lips that’s spakin’ to you ?—your young bride—your heart’s light—oh ! I remimber the day you was married to me like yesterday. Oh ! *avourneen*, then and since wasn’t the heart of your own Honor bound up in you ?—yet not a word even to me. Well, *agrah machree*, ’tisn’t your fault, it’s the first time you ever refused to spake to your own Honor. But you’re dead, *avourneen*, or it wouldn’t be so—you’re dead before my eyes—husband of my heart—and all my hopes and happiness goes into the coffin and the grave along wid you, for ever !”

LETTER OF DONALD O'NEILL TO THE POPE.

A DOCUMENT OF THE 14TH CENTURY.

To John, Pope,—Donald O'Neill, King of Ulster, together with the other princes of that territory, and the whole Irish people.

MOST HOLY FATHER,—We transmit to you some exact and candid particulars concerning the state of our nation, and the wrongs we suffer, and which our ancestors suffered from the kings of England and their agents, and from the English barons born in Ireland.

After driving us by violence from our habitations, our fields, and our paternal inheritances, and compelling us, in order to save our lives, to make our abode in the mountains, marshes, woods, and caverns of the rocks, they incessantly harass us in these miserable retreats, to expel us from them and appropriate to themselves the whole extent of our country. Hence there has resulted an implacable enmity betwixt them and us; and it was a former pope who originally placed us in this miserable condition.

They had promised that pope that they would fashion the people of Hibernia to good morals, and give them good laws; so far from doing *which, they have annihilated all the written laws, by which we were formerly governed; they have*

thus not only left us without those laws, but the better to accomplish our ruin, have established among us a detestable code, of which the following are specimens :—

It is a rule in the king of England's courts of justice in Ireland, that every man who is not of Irish extraction may institute a judicial process of any kind, and that a like power is denied to the Irish, whether clergy or laity. If, as too frequently happens, an Englishman murders an Irish clerk or layman, the assassin is neither punished corporally, nor is he even amerced in a pecuniary fine ; but, on the contrary, the more considerable the murdered person was amongst us, the more his murderer is excused, honoured, and rewarded by his countrymen, and this even by their religious men and their bishops. No Irishman can dispose of his property on his death-bed ; the English appropriate it to themselves.

The religious orders established in Ireland, which are situated within the English territory, are forbidden to receive into their monasteries men of the Irish nation.

The English who have dwelt among us for many years, and are styled men of *mixed race*, are not for that less cruel to us than are the others. Sometimes they invite to their tables the first men of our nation, and treacherously kill them in the midst of the banquet, or during their sleep. Thus it was that Thomas de Clare, having allured to his house Brian the Red of Thomond, his brother-in-law, put him to death *by surprise*, after partaking of the holy communion with him. the same consecrated host

being divided in two parts. These crimes appear to them honourable and praise-worthy; and it is the belief of all their laymen and many of their churchmen, that there is no more sin in killing an Irishman than in killing a dog.— Their monks say with assurance, that, after killing a man of our nation (which but too often happens) they should not think themselves bound to abstain from saying mass for a single day. As a proof of this, the Cistercian monks established at Granard, in the diocess of Armagh, and those of the same order at Yues (Innis, an island) in Ulster, are daily attacking us with arms, wounding and killing the Irish, yet say their masses as usual.

Brother Simon, of the Order of Friars Minors, a relative of the Bishop of Coventry, has publicly preached that there is not the smallest harm in killing or robbing an Irishman. In short, they all maintain that it is allowable for them to take from us whatsoever they can of our lands and goods; nor are their consciences at all burdened in consequence, not even in the hour of their death. All these grievances, added to the difference of language and manners existing between them and us, preclude all hope of our ever preserving a peace or truce with them in this life; so great is in them the lust of dominion; so eager in us is the lawful and natural desire of escaping from an intolerable bondage, and recovering the inheritance of our forefathers.

We cherish in our breasts an inveterate hatred, *produced by lengthened recollections of injustice, by the murder of our fathers, brothers, and kin-*

dred, and which will not be extinguished in time, nor in that of our sons. So that as long as we have life we will fight against them, with regret or remorse, in defence of our rights.

We will not cease to fight against, and against them until the day when they themselves, for want of power, shall have ceased to do us harm, and supreme Judge shall have taken just vengeance on their crimes, which we firmly hope will soon or later come to pass.

Until then we will make war upon them unto death, to recover the independence which is our natural right, being compelled thereto by necessity, and willing rather to face danger than brave men, than to languish under insults.

O MARIA REGINA MISERICORDIÆ.

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

THERE lived a knight long years ago,
Proud, carnal, vain, devotionless,
Of God above or hell below,
He took no thought, but undismayed,
Pursued his course of wickedness.
His heart was rock; he never prayed
To be forgiven for all his treasons;
He only said at certain seasons,
"O, Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

*Years rolled, and found him still the same,
Still draining pleasure's poison bowl;
Yet felt he now and then some shame;*

The torment of the undying worm
At whiles woke in his trembling soul;
And then, though powerless to reform,
Would he, in hope to appease that sternest
Avenger, cry, and more in earnest,
“O, Mary, Queen of Mercy!”

At last youth's riotous time was gone,
And loathing now came after Sin;
With locks yet brown he felt as one
Grown grey at heart; and oft, with tears,
He tried, but all in vain, to win
From the dark desert of his years,
One flower of hope; yet, morn and e'ening,
He still cried, but with deeper meaning,
“O, Mary, Queen of Mercy!”

A happier mind, a holier mood,
A purer spirit, ruled him now;
No more in thrall to flesh and blood,
He took a pilgrim-staff in hand,
And, under a religious vow,
Travailed his way to Pommerland.
There entered he an humble cloister,
Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moister,
“O, Mary, Queen of Mercy!”

Here, shorn and cowed, he laid his cares
Aside, and wrought for God alone;
Albeit, he sang no choral prayers,
Nor matin hymns nor laud could learn,
He mortified his flesh to stone;
For him no penance was too stern;
And often prayed he on his lonely
Cell-couch at night, but still said only,
“O, Mary, Queen of Mercy!”

And thus he lived long, long ; and when
God's angels called him, thus he died.
Confession made he none to men,
Yet, when they anointed him with oil,
He seemed already glorified.
His penances, his tears, his toil,
Were past ; and now, with passionate sighing,
Praise thus broke from his lips while dying,
" O, Mary, Queen of Mercy !"

They buried him with mass and song
Anèath a little knoll so green ;
But, lo ! a wonder-sight !—ere long
Rose blooming from that verdant mound,
The fairest lily ever seen ;
And on its petal-edges round,
Relieving their translucent whiteness,
Did shine these words in gold-hued brightness,
" O, Mary, Queen of Mercy !"

And, would God's angels give the power,
Thou, dearest reader, mightst behold
The fibres of this holy flower
Upspringing from the dead man's heart
In tremulous threads of light and gold ;
Then, wouldst thou choose the better part !
And thenceforth flee Sin's foul suggestions ;—
The sole response to mocking questions,
" O, Mary, Queen of Mercy !"

IRISH GENTRY.

BY THE RIGHT REV. DR. DOYLE.

THE Irish gentry has as many grades as there were steps in Jacob's ladder. Those of them who are possessed of large estates, and whose education and rank should lift them above local prejudices, and bless them with a knowledge of men and things, are, for the greater part, absent from the country ; they know not the condition of their country, unless from the reports of their agents, some of whom, to my knowledge, are most excellent men ; whilst others of them are unfeeling extortioners, who exercise over the tenantry an inconceivable tyranny, and are the very worst description of oppressors. The next class of our gentry are the men of large fortunes who reside in the country, and are anxious to improve the condition of the people. Of this class there are several who cannot afford to make such sacrifices as would be necessary to enable their tenantry to acquire capital, or who have suffered their lands to be so divided and subdivided, as that extreme want arises almost necessarily out of the numbers of the people, and the want of capital to afford them employment.

Perhaps there are some of this class who have *joined the ranks of the saints, and are satisfied in preaching to the poor, that if they seek first*

the kingdom of God and its justice, all things else will be added thereunto; not reflecting that this divine maxim, whilst it inspires a just hope in providence, does not exempt the peasant from his toil, or the landlord from the obligation of furnishing to the tenant an interest sufficient to excite and to reward his industry.

But the great mass of our little squires, who are called gentry, are men of much pride and little property, possessing a few hundred pounds a year, God knows how acquired; labouring perhaps to keep a carriage, if not, to have at least a dog, a horse, and a gun. They are made up of every possible description of persons. I could delineate them accurately and minutely, but I think it better to state generally, that a great portion of these men are the very curse and scourge of Ireland. They are numerous, they are very ignorant, they are extremely bigoted, they are exceedingly dishonest, they tell all manner of falsehoods, and so frequently, as to assume with themselves the appearance of truth.

In a word, they could not be intrusted with your honor or your purse, and multitudes of them have no regard for the sanctity of an oath; they are these men who often obtain the commission of the peace, and trade by it; who get all the little perquisites arising from grand jury jobs, who foment discontent, who promote religious animosity, who are most zealous with the saints in distributing tracts and bibles, who are ever ready to attend vestries, to impose taxes, to share *in their* expenditure, to forward addresses, to *pray for the* Insurrection Act, or any other act

which might seem to oppress the people, and render permanent their own iniquitous sway.

These personages have been brought up under the exclusive system, and their very existence seems to them to hang upon it; they sometimes go upon their travels as far perhaps as London, and viewing from the top of a mail-coach the surface of England, they talk most profoundly of that country, of her customs and institutions; they compare them with those of Ireland, and sigh so heavily at the distance in civilization and improvement which separates us from our neighbours "at the other side."

These men oppress, and aggrieve, and insult the people; they affect to look upon them as of inferior condition, a conquered race, and whose rightful inheritance is slavery. They see the people starving, but they see it unmoved; they behold them naked without a feeling of compassion; never having seen a peasantry enjoying comfort or independence, they have no idea of what their condition ought to be.

Without exaggeration, they are the slave-drivers in Ireland, and very much resemble the beings of that description in Barbadoes or America.

RELIGION AND NATIONALITY.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

WHAT evil power or passion has chained your tongues and fixed your eyes so steadfastly upon the ground; muddied your clear intelligence, and changed the very shape of your souls? Good God! is it possible it can be *Religion*? Religion, that descended from heaven to enlighten and enlarge the human mind, to melt down the ruggedness of barbarism into the unsuspecting intercourse, the sweet amenity of civil life, and in place of those grim and horrid deities who delighted in the sanguine field, in the cries of the captive, and in human sacrifices, to set before our eyes *Him*, the meek and merciful, who wept over Jerusalem.

When the author of that religion you all profess was told that his mother and brethren were coming to seek for him, he stretched forth his hand to the multitude which surrounded him, a multitude composed of Jews, Gentiles, and Samaritans, and cried aloud, "Lo! my mother! my sister! my brother!"

I call upon you, people of Ireland, in the name of Him, the Great Philanthropist—of Him who, *in the torments* of crucifixion, sighed out his last *breath* for the welfare of his enemies—I call upon you, Churchmen, Presbyterians, and Catholics, to

embrace each other in the mild spirit of Christianity, and to unite as a sacred compact in the cause of your sinking country. For you are *all Irishmen*—you are nurtured by the same maternal earth.

The hand of Heaven has broken off this island from the Continent, as if to preserve at least one *fragment* free, and has made it your common habitation. That same hand has scooped out your capacious harbours, deepened your ports, and sheltered them from the storms. It has chained down the hurricane, lest it should ravage the land. It has commanded the power which shakes the earth, and terrifies its guilty inhabitants, to be still. It has stifled the raging volcano, and forbids the dreadful visitation of the pestilence.

The gentle dews of Heaven drop fatness on your fields, and not even one venomous animal ventures to contaminate their verdure. Dare not to abuse the gifts of God, and show that it is your *religion* to be *free*. Dare not to continue in the blasphemy of servitude. Is this a time to pour the poison of long-forgotten antipathies into the ears of the credulous? Is this a time for learned and venerable missionaries to run through the land preaching a *crusade*, when all should write, speak, and act against the enemy at our doors?

Have we not suffered enough already by an aristocracy of power to subject ourselves, in this enlightened age, to the worst of aristocracies, an aristocracy of opinion?

Is not this the time to display our zeal in politics, and our moderation in religion?

Oh! let me conjure those among the different

descriptions of religion, whether of the Established Church, of the Presbyterian, or Catholic persuasion, who know the imperfection of all human institutions—let me conjure them, at this most trying hour, to form one grand association, one great fund of virtue, good sense, and patriotism, which may yet sustain our tottering credit as a people, and rescue from the jaws of ruin our almost bankrupt reputation.

There is, in each of these classes of Christians, a select few, who have one common object in contemplation, but who are kept apart from each other by the doubts and jealousies of their forefathers, which are, as it were, ingrafted into their sweet and generous natures.

Blessed be the man who, in such times, falls like the affectionate Joseph on the neck of his brethren, however different in character or situation, and kisses them, and weeps aloud, and says—*I am thy brother.*

THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

IN vain all the knights of the underwald woo'd her,
Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she;
Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they
sued her,
But worthy were none of the high-born Ladye.

"Whosoever I wed," said this maid, so excelling,
"That knight must the conqu'ror of conquerors be;
He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell
in;—

None else shall be Lord of the high-born Ladye!"

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round
her

On knights and on nobles of highest degree,
Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,
And worshipped at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a knight, from a far land to woo her,
With plumes on his helm, like the foam of the sea;
His vizor was down—but, with voice that thrill'd
through her,

He whispered his vows to the high-born Ladye.

"Proud maiden! I come with high spousals to grace
thee,

In me the great conqu'ror of conquerors see;
Enthroned in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,
And mine thou'rt for ever, thou high-born Ladye!"

The maiden she smil'd, and in jewels array'd her,
Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she;
And proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd
her

In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.

"But whither," she, starting, exclaims, "have you led
me?

Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree;
Is *this* the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed
me?"

With scorn in her glance, said the high-born Ladye.

"'Tis the home," he replied, "of earth's loftiest creatures,"

Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see;
But she sunk on the ground—'twas a skeleton's features,
And Death was the Lord of the high-born Ladye.

MAXIMS.

BY WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.*

IN whatever country one is, one should choose the dishes of the country. Every really national dish is good—at least I never yet met with one that did not gratify my appetite. The Turkish pilaws are most excellent; but the so-called French cookery of Pera is execrable. In like manner, roast beef with Yorkshire pudding is always a prime feast in England, while John Bull's fricaudeaux soufflé, &c., &c., are decidedly anathema. What a horror, again, is a biftick of the Palais Royal! On the same principle—for all the Fine Arts follow exactly the same prin-

* Dr. Maginn was a writer of a genius wonderfully versatile and intensely Irish in its character. From the wildest squibs to the most graphic and characteristic translations from Homer; and from the broadest drolls on Irish life to the subtlest speculations on the characters of Shakspeare, he has been equally successful. He might have done great things, but his power was dissipated in periodical writing, and in the unhealthy excitement of literary life in London. He died young, (in 1842), and left behind him no work in which he had space to develop himself.

ciples—on the same principle it is, that while Principal Robertson, Dugald Stewart, Dr. Thomas Brown, and all the other would-be English writers of Scotland, have long since been voted tame, insipid, and tasteless diet, the real haggis-bag of Robert Burns keeps, and must always keep, its place.

CHURCHES USED FOR CIVIL PURPOSES.

(From the Archæological Tracts.)

“MARCH 25th, 1329, there was a parliament at Dublin, where peace was confirmed between the Earl of Ulster and Maurice Fitz-Thomas. A great feast was held, the first in the castle by the earl of Ulster, the next day by Maurice in the church of St. Patrick.”

In those times it was not thought improper to use churches for purposes, which we should now think, of a merely civil nature. They were the scenes of solemn banquets, and of parliaments, knighthood was conferred in them, and the debtor was bound to discharge his bond by payment on a certain tomb. Almost all the abbeys, whose foundations is mentioned in these “Annals” belonged to the Cistercians, which seems to indicate that the “Annals” were originally compiled in a Cistercian house, probably, *St. Mary’s, Dublin*.

Thirteen Cistercian abbots were lords of par

liament; Mellifont, in the county of Louth, was the first and chief abbey in Ireland, and the abbot had precedence in parliament, before all abbots of all orders. At a general chapter held in 1190, the abbots of Ireland had license to abstain themselves from the chapter for three years, and to attend the fourth; and the abbot of Mellifont was commissioned so to arrange their turns, that some of them might attend every year. Notwithstanding the influence of this constant intercourse with foreign churchmen and foreign countries, the monks here degenerated, for in 1221 the correction of Mellifont was committed by the chapter to the abbot of Clairvaux, who was empowered to substitute in that house religious persons by whom the order in those parts might be reformed.

With regard to the national distinctions, so unhappily introduced into Irish religious houses, and noticed by Cox, who states, from a record in the Tower of London, of 1321, that no person was admitted into the abbey of Mellifont unless he made oath that he was not of English descent; the chapter, in 1323, expresses its detestation of such damnable division, introduced by the enemy of the human race, and warns all abbots, and especially those of Ireland, of whom grievous complaints had been made, that they should remove such walls of separation, and indifferently admit all fit persons of all nations.

Christian O'Conarchy was the first abbot of *Mellifont*; he was sent by Malachy to Clairvaux, *that he might be instructed in the Cistercian rule by St. Bernard*, and might propagate the order

in Ireland. Pope Eugene III. was also a pupil of St. Bernard at Clairvaux.—*Grace's Annals of Ireland*.*

A CONSCIENTIOUS ARCHBISHOP.

(From the Archæological Tracts.)

"RICHARD FERINGES, archbishop of Dublin, died in 1308, he was succeeded by Richard Havering, who, after sitting for five years, being admonished in a dream, resigned the burden of office to John Leake."

His nephew, the archdeacon of Dublin, told how in his sleep, he saw a monster heavier than all the world standing on his breast, from which he would give the wealth of all the world to be relieved; and that when he awoke, he thought it was nothing else than the church of Dublin, whose fruits he received, although he did nothing for them. He, therefore, resigned it immediately to the Pope.—*Grace's Annals*.

ANGLO-IRISH AND ENGLISH DISPUTE.

(From the Archæological Tracts.)

"JULY 27th, 1341, the king ordered John D'Arcy, justiciary, to remove from their offices

* Edited, with a translation and notes, by the Rev. Richard Butler.

in Ireland all Irishmen, and all Englishmen who had married in Ireland, and had lands and possessions in that country, but had nothing in England, and to appoint in their places Englishmen who had lands and possessions in England."

"In October, 1341, a parliament met at Dublin, to which the Earl of Desmond came not at all, at which time a division was first manifested between the English born in England and the Anglo-Irish; wherefore, the Irish lords and magistrates constituted a parliament at Kilkenny, for the good of the king and the country; to it the justiciary, with the other ministers of the king, had no inclination to go, nor had he courage to do so, for they did not use his advice nor that of the other ministers in the business; it is then concluded, that the unjust government of Ireland by his ministers should be signified to the king by messengers, with a complaint and petition for their correction and for better government."—*Grace's Annals*.

CLIMATE OF IRELAND.

(From the Archæological Tracts.)

"1338—INTENSE frost with very deep snow from the 2d of December to the 10th of February."

Pembridge says, that the Liffey was frozen over, and that men danced and played at ball,

and ran races and roasted herrings on fires made of wood and turf on the river. The following notice from the "Ulster Annals," and many others which could be given, tend to show that the climate of Ireland has not been much changed during the last thousand years. In 817, there was wonderful frost and snow from Christmas to Quinquagesima; the loughs and several rivers were crossed dry-shod, tame and wild animals crossed over Lough Neach, and stags were taken without hunting, and building materials were carried over Lough Erne from Connaught. In 855, there was snow and hard frost, so that the herds of cattle and horsemen crossed over the loughs and rivers of Ireland. In 894, a great snow. In 916, snow and great cold, and wonderful frost, so that they crossed over the loughs and rivers of Ireland, and hence came a mortality amongst the cattle, and horses, and sheep, and birds. The sky seemed on fire with comets. A flame of fire, gradually increasing, seemed to proceed slowly from the western bounds of Ireland until it passed the East Sea.—*Grace's Annals*

ROYAL FEAST.

(FROM "THE CIRCUIT OF IRELAND," A POEM, TRANSLATED BY JOHN O'DONOVAN, ESQ.)

THE noble kings were attended
According to the pleasure of the race of Niall;*
Without sorrow, without gloom in the house,
As if they had been clerics.
Ten score hogs—no small work—
Were slaughtered at the festive Aileach,†
For Muirheartach‡ of the great fetters.
Three score vats of curds,
Which banished the hungry look of the army,
With a sufficiency of cheering mead,
Were given by the magnanimous Muirheartach.
Twelve vats of choice mead
Were given to the kings of Erin.
The dinner of an hundred of each kind of food nobly
Was given gratuitously to them from the Queen.
Sabia§ of Ballagh Gabhran, *district* of glens,
Has surpassed the women of Erin,
In chastity, in wisdom, in purity,
In giving, in bestowing.

* Niall Frossach, monarch of Ireland in the year 763.

† Aileach. The royal palace of the Irish chiefs or kings of Ulster, of the northern Hy-Niall race, situated on a lofty hill in Innishowen, in the county Donegal.

‡ Muirheartach, or Mortagh, son of Niall, king of Aileach, and *Hector of the West*, was killed in an engagement with the Danes, in the year 943.

§ Sabia, probably the mother of Dubhdalra, queen of Aileach.

blessing of every man with a tongue
 the good, great daughter of Kellach ;
 the blessing of the pure and glorious Christ
 the daughter of the King of Ossory.
 e not seen in south or north,
 ighout all Erin of red weapons :
 e not seen in west or east
 man like thy wife, O Muirheartach.
 e the kings of battles were *detained*
 e lordly Aileach Frigreann,
 received no coigne from any one else,
 pt from the good Dubhdaire, the black-haired.
 bhdaire, it is not better
 any other youth *than myself* should be thankful ;
 and man go thankful from the house
 ubhdaire, descendant of Tighernach.
 reward of her plenteous ale was given
 e lovely, modest-faced Dubhdaire,
 of the plunder of the cold Dalaradia,
 ld, in oxen, in good cows—
 ty cows for every cow—nobly ;
 ty oxen for every one ox,
 ty hogs for every hog—a good return—
 given to Dubhdaire by Muirheartach.*

appears from this passage that the possessions and property of
 fe and husband were considered as distinct at the period this
 was written.

DONAGH MAC NAMARA HARNESSING FOR
BATTLE.

A.D. 1309.

(From the Archæological Tracts.*)

AFTER that harangue of Donagh to his brave people, he arose on the spot with courage and activity, to clothe himself in shining armour. His noble garment was first brought to him, viz: a strong, well-formed, close-ridged, defensively-furrowed, terrific, neat-bordered, new-made, and scarlet-red cassock of fidelity; he expertly put on that gold-bordered garment, (or cotun,) which covered him as far as from the lower part of his soft, fine, red-white neck, to the upper part of his expert, snow-white, round-knotted knee.

Over that mantle he put on a full-strong, white-topped, wide-round, gold-bordered, straight; and parti-coloured coat of mail, well-fitting, and ornamented with many curious devices of exquisite workmanship. He put on a beautiful, narrow,

* A specimen of the inflated style introduced into Irish literature in the ninth or tenth century, and probably borrowed from the East. We have no direct proof that the Irish were acquainted with Oriental literature at so early a period; however, the fragments preserved of Irish composition of an earlier date, are remarkable for simplicity. (From the Battle of Magh Rath, translated by John O'Donovan, Esq.)

thick, and saffron-coloured belt of war, embellished with clasps and buckles, set with precious stones, and hung with golden tassels; to this belt was hung his active and trusty lance, regularly cased in a tubic sheath, but that it was somewhat greater in height than the height of the sheath; he squeezed the brilliant, gilt, and starry belt about the coat of mail; and a long, blue-edged, bright-steeld, sharp-pointed, broad-sided, active, white-backed, half-polished, monstrous, smooth-bladed, small-thick, and well-fashioned dagger was fixed in the tie of that embroidered and parti-coloured belt; a white-embroidered, full-wide, strong, and well-wove hood was put on him over his golden mail; he himself laid on his head a strong-cased, spherical-towering, polished-shining, branch-engraved, long-enduring helmet; he took his edged, smooth-bladed, letter-graved, destructive, sharp-pointed, fight-taming, sheathed, gold-guarded and girded sword which he tied fast in haste to his side; he took his expert, keen-pointed, blue-coloured, and neat-engraved dart in his active right-hand, in order to cast it at the valiant troops, his enemies; and last, he took his vast-clubbed, strong-eyed, straight-lanced, fierce-smoking, and usual spear in his left, pushing and smiting therewith.

Great was the tumult of the army then, seeking for their purple-branched cassocks, brilliant mails, blazing swords, and spears of ample circumference, restraining their steeds backward by the reins, as not obedient to the guidance of their riders, choosing their arms, the young adhering.

for their beauty, to their golden arms, and the old aiming at the ancient arms, with which they often before acted great deeds in battle—the soldiers closely sewing their ensigns to their vast poles, and fastening their colours by the borders to the lofty poles of their spears.

THE TRI-COLORED FLAG.

(From the French of Béranger,)

BY THE REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.

Author of the "Prout Papers."

COMRADES, around this humble board,
Here's to our banner's by-gone splendour,
There may be treason in that word—
All Europe may the proof afford—
All France be the offender;
But drink the toast
That gladdens most;
Fires the young heart and cheers the old—
"May France once more
Her tri-color
Blest with new life behold!"

List to my secret. That old flag
Under my bed of straw is hidden,
Sacred to Glory! War-worn rag!
Thee no informer thence shall drag,
Nor dastard spy say 'tis forbidden.

France, I can vouch,
Will, from its couch,
The dormant symbol yet unfold,
And wave once more
Her tri-color
Through Europe, uncontrolled !

For every drop of blood we spent,
Did not that flag give value plenty :
Were not our children as they went,
Focund, to join the warrior's tent,
Soldiers at ten, heroes at twenty ?
France, who were then
Your noblemen ?
Not they of parchment-must, and mould !
But they who bore
Yon tri-color
Through Europe, uncontrolled !

Leipsic hath seen our eagle fall,
Drunk with renown, worn out with glory ;
But, with the emblem of old Gaul
Crowning our standard, we'll recall
The brightest days of *Valmy's* story !
With terror pale
Shall despots quail,
When in their ear the tale is told,
Of France once more
Her tri-color
Preparing to unfold.

Trust not the *lawless* ruffian chiel,
Worse than the vilest monarch he !
Down with the dungeon and Bastille !
Let our country never kneel
To that grim idol. Anarchy !

CASKET OF IRISH PEARLS.

Strength shall appear
 On our frontier—
 France shall be Liberty's strong hold !
 Then earth once more
 The tri-color
 With blessing shall behold !

O my old flag ! that liest hid,
 There where my sword and musket lie—
 Banner, come forth ! for tears unbid
 Are filling fast a warrior's lid
 Which thou alone canst dry.
 A soldier's grief
 Shall find relief ;
 A veteran's heart shall be consoled—
 France shall once more
 Her tri-color
 Triumphantly unfold !

PRETENDED PATRIOTS.

(SCENE FROM CAIUS GRACCHUS.)

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CAIUS. Stay, Livius Drusus ! let me speak with you
 DRU. Your pleasure, Caius ?
 CAIUS. Pleasure ! Livius Drusus,
 Look not so sweet upon me. I am no child
 Not to know bitter, for that it is smear'd
With honey ! let me rather see thee scowl
A little ; and, when thou dost speak, remind me
Of the rough trumpet, more than the soft lute.

By Jove! I can appraise the honest caitiff
Bespeaks his craft!

DRU. The caitiff!

CARIUS. Ah! ho! now
You're Livius Drusus! you were only then
The man men took you for—the easy man,
That, so the world went right, cared not who got
The praise; but rather from preferment shrunk,
Than courted it. Who ever thought, in such
A plain and homely piece of stuff, to see
The mighty senate's tool?

DRU. The senate's tool!

CARIUS. Now, what a deal of pains for little profit!
If you could play the juggler with me Livius—
To such perfection, practise seeming, as
To pass it on me for reality—
Make my own senses witness 'gainst myself,
That things I know impossible to be,
I see as palpable as if they were,
'Twere worth the acting; but when I am master
Of all your mystery, and know, as well
As you do, that the prodigy's a lie,
What wanton waste of labour! Livius Drusus,
I know you are a tool!

DRU. Well, let me be so.
I will not quarrel with you, worthy Caius;
Call me whate'er you please.

CARIUS. What barefaced shifting!
What real fierceness could grow tame so soon?
You turn upon me like a tiger, and
When open mouthed I brave you, straight you play
The crouching spaniel! you'll not quarrel with me!
I want you not to quarrel, Livius Drusus,
But only to be honest to the people.

DRU. Honest!

CARIUS. Ay, honest! why do you repeat

My words, as if you fear'd to trust your own?
Do I play echo? question me, and see
If I so fear to be myself. I act
The wall, which speaks not but with others' tongues?
I say you are not honest to the people;
I say you are the senate's tool—their bait—
Their juggler, their trick-merchant! If I wrong you,
Burst out at once, and free retort upon me;
Tell me I lie, and smite me to the earth!
I'll rise but to embrace you.

DRU. My good Caius,
Restrain your ardent temper; it doth hurry you
Into madness.

CAIUS. Give me but an answer, and
I'll be content. Are you not leagued with the senate?

DRU. Your senses leave you, Caius,

CAIUS. Will you answer me?

DRU. Throw off this humour.

CAIUS. Give me an answer, Drusus.

DRU. Madman!

CAIUS. Are you the creature of the senate?

DRU. Good Caius!

CAIUS. Do you juggle with the people?
Let me but know you, man, from your own lips;
'Tis all I want to know you are a traitor.

DRU. A traitor!

CAIUS. Ay!

DRU. To whom?

CAIUS. To the poor people—
The houseless citizens, that sleep at nights
Before the portals, and that starve by day
Under the noses of the senators!
Thou art their magistrate, their friend, their father;
Dost thou betray them? hast thou sold them? wilt thou
Juggle them out of the few friends they have left?
DRU. *If 'twill content you Caius, I am one*

Who loves alike the senate and the people,
 am the friend of both.

Caius. The friend of neither !
 The senate's tool ! a traitor to the people !
 A man that seems to side with neither party ;
 Will now bend this way, and then make it up,
 by leaning a little to the other side ;
 Talk moderation—patience ; with one foot
 step out, and with the other back again ;
 With one eye, glance his pity on the crowd,
 and with the other crouch to the nobility ;
 At any public grievance raise his voice,
 and, like a harmless tempest, calm away ;
 He and noted only for his noise !
 Such men are the best instruments of tyranny !
 The simple slave is easily discern'd
 By his external badge ; your order wears
 Their infamy within !

Drus. I'll leave you, Caius,
 and hope your breast will harbour better counsels.

VALUE OF HUMAN LABOUR.*

BY DR. KANE, M. R. I. A.

THAT human labour can be obtained in this
 country on lower terms than almost any other in
 Europe, is too well known to require example.

A population for which the existing modes of
 cultivation do not supply occupation on the land,
 and which is not, as in the sister kingdom, drafted

* From the "Industrial Resources of Ireland."

off to manufacturing employments in the towns, must, in order to live, accept of any terms of remuneration, which they can get in exchange for labour. It is thus that 8d. or 10d. per day is found to be the usual rate of wages, at a distance from large towns, and that, even on such terms, thousands of men remain unemployed during the greater portion of the year; this nominal cheapness is, however, by no means necessary economy in final cost.

A wretched man who can earn, by his exertions, but 4s. or 5s. a week, on which to support his family and pay the rent of a sort of habitation, must be so ill fed, and depressed in mind, that to work, as a man should work, is beyond his power. Hence there are often seen about employments in this country a number of hands, double what would be required to do the same work, in the same time with British labourers. The latter would probably be paid at least twice as much money per day, but in the end the work would not cost the employer more; although the wages, therefore, in the former example were lower, labour was not cheaper, on the contrary, somewhat higher, as the trouble of overseeing twice the number of men is a source of additional expense. When I say that the men thus employed, at low wages, do so much less real work, I do not mean that they intentionally idle, or that they reflect that as they receive so little they should give little value; on the contrary, they do their best honestly to earn their wages; but supplied only with the lowest descriptions of food, and perhaps

in insufficient quantity, they have not the physical ability for labour, and being without any direct prospect of advancement, they are not excited by that laudable ambition, to any display of superior energy.

If the same men are placed in circumstances where a field for increased exertion is opened to them, and they are made to understand, what at first they are rather incredulous about, that they will receive the full value of any increased labour they perform, they become new beings; the work they execute rises to the highest standard, and they earn as much money as the labourers of any other country; wages are no longer low, but labour is not, on that account, any thing dearer than it had been before.

An occurrence at a certain public work will exemplify this principle. Many hundreds of men were employed at 10*d.* per day. They worked slowly and ineffectually; the work was not progressing, and as time was an object, a parcel of English labourers were introduced, who were paid 18*d.* per day, which they fully earned.

None of the Irish labourers were dismissed, but they struck work, and demanded that all should have 18*d.* per day. The Englishmen feared for their lives. The police and military were called out, and the affair might have eventuated in a scene of blood, adding another to the tales of horror so industriously circulated about the savageness of the native Irish.

At this moment one of the principal engineers, an Irishman, respected by the people

for his abilities, and esteemed by them as a countryman, came amongst them, and penetrating into the mass of excited labourers, arrested and gave into custody all the ringleaders. The crowd of labourers would not do him an injury. He then, in place of the common practice of saying they were brutes, and none but English labourers were fit for any useful purpose, quietly explained to them, that the Englishman did much more work and deserved to be paid higher, but that he would be willing to secure 18*d.* per day to every man who would do as much work as the Englishmen, and more if they could do more.

He shewed them that from their rude way of managing their tools, they wasted their strength, and that by simple improvements a great deal of time could be saved in their operations. The people knew and trusted him; the police and military were withdrawn, the whole body of labourers went to work, and after the first Saturday night they found, that without combination or violence, they could earn more money by laying themselves down steadily to do more work.

After some weeks there were very few of the men earning less than 18*d.*, and many of them were earning at the rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* per day. In this case wages ceased to be low, precisely as the efficiency of work increased. The cheapness of labour is thus shown to be quite different from the nominal rate of wages. This difference is not peculiar to Ireland; it exists *as forcibly* in regard to certain countries of the *Continent*.

SKILLED AND UNSKILLED LABOUR.*

BY DR. KANE, M.R.I.A.

IN every industrial occupation there are actually involved two totally distinct offices, which are paid for in very different degrees. These are the animal force, and the mental exertion which directs it. The question of relative cheapness or dearness of labour altogether depends on the relative proportions we want of those, and the proportions in which they are possessed by the man we hire. Now, owing to the general absence of industrial activity in this country, the mental power is not at all so universal as in Britain. It is hence dearer in Ireland, whilst animal force, destitute of industrial skill, being less abundant in Great Britain, is dearer there than it is with us. Considering man merely as a source of animal power, it is gratifying to have had it proved by an extensive series of observations, that when at all well fed, there is no race more perfectly developed as to physical conformation, than the inhabitants of this island.

In all operations, therefore, where brute force is required, there is no question but that we possess in Ireland in the actual population, a *vas amount of power*; but the progress of art is

* From the "Industrial Resources of Ireland"

of intelligence must lead us to consider such employment as unsuited to a being endowed with the noble capacity for improvement that belongs to man. It should be his prerogative to subdue the greater strength of other animals, and to adapt the wondrous forces of external nature to his ends, by virtue of the intelligence with which he is provided; and the labouring force of man must be considered as lying dormant so far as its true uses are concerned, until it be quickened by the energetic fire of industrial education. It is in this regard that Ireland is actually weakest, and that most difficulty may be expected in any future development of our industry. No matter to what side we turn, or what problem of manufacturing or agricultural improvement we proceed to, we find the difficulty of procuring skilled workmen or superintendents, and hence all such positions are occupied by natives of the sister island, to the exclusion, as it would appear unfair, of the natives of this country. Such an idea is, however, quite unjust. Irishmen are not appointed to those situations because they are not educated for them. Scotchmen and Englishmen obtain them because they learn what is necessary for such duties. The remedy for this is not to declaim against intruding foreigners, but to learn those trades so well as to make it the direct interest of the employer to give his countrymen the preference.

Every intelligent Englishman or Scotchman *who comes to Ireland* should not be looked upon as *an intruder*, but as a schoolmaster. If there did *not exist a blank* in our industrial system which

suits him to fill up, he would not come. He is a-head of us in practical skill and habits, and should be our object to imitate him, learn from him, and, if possible, excel him, and when he finds that we know as much as he does, he will not come. He then would be better off at home.

A condition absolutely essential to industrial progress is freedom of labour. This freedom must be complete ; it must exist as regards master, as well as regards man. A workman must have the most perfect liberty to place what value he likes upon his labour. If he does not wish to work for certain wages, it is his affair ; and it were intolerable tyranny to control his will ; but with that limit the right of the workman ceases. As he should not be controlled himself, he has no right to control others, and all interference of men to prevent their fellow operatives from working below a certain rate, must be denounced as not merely contrary to existing law, but to the plainest principles of common sense, and utterly destructive of the best interests of industry, not merely of the interests of the employer, but in an equal degree of the men themselves.

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.)

BY THE REV. F. MAHONY,

Author of the "Prout Papers."

COME, arouse thee up my gallant horse, and bear thy rider on !

The comrade, thou, and the friend, I trow, of the dweller on " the Don."

Pillage and Death have spread their wings ! 'tis the hour to hie thee forth,)

And with thy hoofs an echo wake to the trumpets of the North !

Nor gems, nor gold do men behold upon thy saddle-tree ;
But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy master and for thee.

Then fiercely neigh, my charger grey ! O ! thy chest is proud and ample ;

And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample !

Europe is weak—she hath grown old—her bulwarks are laid low ;

She is loth to hear the blast of war—she shrinketh from a foe !

Come, in our turn, let us sojourn in her goodly haunts of joy—

In the pillar'd porch to wave the torch, and her palaces destroy !

Proud as when first thou slak'dst thy thirst in the flow
of the conquer'd Seine,
Aye, shalt thou lave, within that wave, thy blood-red
flanks again.
Then fiercely neigh, my gallant grey ! O ! thy chest is
strong and ample ;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and
the pride of her heroes trample.

Kings are beleaguered on their thrones by their own
vassal crew ;
And in their den quake noblemen, and priests are bearded
too ;
And loud they yelp for the Cossacks' help to keep their
bondsmen down ;
And they think it meet, while they kiss *our* feet, to wear
a tyrant's crown !
The sceptre now to my lance shall bow ; and the crosier
and the cross ;
All shall bend alike, when I lift my pike, and aloft that
sceptre toss.
Then proudly neigh, my gallant grey ! O ! thy chest is
broad and ample ;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and
the pride of her heroes trample.

In a night of storm I have seen a form ! and the figure
was a *giant* ;
And his eye was bent on the Cossack's tent, and his look
was all defiant.
Kingly his crest, and towards the West with his battle-
axe he pointed ;
And the "form" I saw was Attila ! of this earth the
scourge anointed.

From the Cossack's camp let the horseman's tramp then
coming crash announce ;
Let the vulture whet his beak sharp set, on the carrion-
field to pounce :
And proudly neigh, my charger grey ! O ! thy chest is
broad and ample ;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and
the pride of her heroes trample !

What boots old Europe's boasted fame, on which she
builds reliance,
When the North shall launch its *avalanche* on her works
of art and science ?
Hath she not wept her cities swept by our herds of
trampling stallions ?
And tower and arch crush'd in the march of our bar-
barous battalions ?
Can *we* not wield our fathers' shield ? the same war-
hatchet handle ?
Do our blades want length, or the reaper's strength for
the harvest of the Vandal ?
Then proudly neigh, my gallant grey ! for thy chest is
strong and ample ;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and
the pride of her heroes trample !

FRIENDLY CRITICISM.*

BY RICHARD BRINDSLEY SHERIDAN.

Enter Sir Fretful Plagiary.

DANGLE.—Ah, my dear friend! Egad! we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

SNEER.—You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful—never in your life.

Sir F.—You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do your's—and Mr. Dangle's.

Mrs. DANGLE.—They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that—

DAN.—Mrs. Dangle!—Ah! Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle. My friend Sneer was rallying just now. He knows how she admires you and——

Sir F.—O Lord! I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to—— A d—d double-faced fellow.—(*Aside.*)

DAN.—Yes, yes. Sneer will jest, but a better humoured——

Sir F.—O! I know.

* From "The Critic."

DAN.—He has a ready turn for ridicule ; his wit costs him nothing.

Sir F.—No, egad ! or I should wonder how he came by it.—(*Aside.*)

Mrs. D.—Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend.

DAN.—But, Sir Fretful, have you not sent your play to the manager yet ? or can I be of any service to you ?

Sir F.—No, no, I thank you ; I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation without it. I thank you though. I sent it to the manager of Covent-garden theatre this morning.

SNEER.—I should have thought now, that it might have been cast (as the actors call it) better at Drury-lane.

Sir F.—O lud ! no—never send a play there while I live. Hark ye !—(*Whispers Sneer.*)

SNEER.—*Writes himself !* I know he does.

Sir F.—I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune. I say nothing ; but this I will say—through all my knowledge of life, I have observed that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy !

SNEER.—I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

Sir F.—Besides, I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

SNEER.—What ! they may steal from them, eh ? *My dear Plagiary ?*

Sir F.—Steal ! to be sure they may ; and gad ! serve your best thoughts as gipsies do

children ; disfigure them to make 'em pass
ir own.

R.—But your present work is a sacrifice
omene ; and he, you know, never——

F.—That's no security. A dexterous pla-
may do anything. Why, sir, for aught
, he might take out some of the best things
tragedy, and put them into his own

R.—That might be done, I dare be

F.—And then, if such a person gives you
t hint or assistance, he is devilish apt to
merit of the whole.

—If it succeeds.

F.—Ay ! but with regard to his piece, I
can hit that gentleman, for I can safely
e never read it.

R.—I'll tell you how you may hurt him

—How ?

R.—Swear he wrote it.

F.—Plague on't now, Sneer ; I shall

ll. I believe you want to take away my
r as an author !

R.—Then I am sure you ought to be very
bliged to me.

F.—Eh ! Sir !

—O ! you know, he never means what

—Sincerely then, you do like the piece ?

R.—Wonderfully !

—But come now, there must be some-

thing that you think might be mended. Eh! Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

DAN.—Why faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to——

Sir F.—With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious; but, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of shewing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

SNEER.—Very true. Why then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection, which, if you give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir F.—Sir, you can't oblige me more.

SNEER.—I think it wants incident.

Sir F.—Good God! You surprise me! Wants incident!

SNEER.—Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F.—Good God! Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference, but I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

DAN.—Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to *suggest anything*, it is that the interest rather *falls off in the fifth*.

Sir F.—Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

DAN.—No; I don't, upon my word.

Sir F.—Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it certainly don't fall off, I assure you; no, no, it ~~not~~ fall off.

DAN.—Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it ruck you in the same light?

Mrs. D.—No indeed, I did not. I did not see fault in any part of the play, from the beginning to the end.

Sir F.—Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

Mrs. D.—Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir F.—Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is ridiculously spun out?

Mrs. D.—O lud! no. I speak only with reverence to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir F.—Then I am very happy—very happy indeed—because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play. I should not venture to offer with a lady on a point of taste: but on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. D.—Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir F.—O! if Mr. Dangle read it! that's quite another affair; but I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

THE IRISH RATHS OR HILL FORTRESSES.

FROM MOORE'S HISTORY OF IRELAND.)

OF those ancient Rathes or Hill fortresses, which formed the dwellings of the old Irish chiefs, and belonged evidently to a period when cities were not yet in existence, there are to be found numerous remains throughout the country. This species of earthen work is distinguished from the artificial mounds, or tumuli, by its being formed upon natural elevations, and always surrounded by a rampart. Within the area thus enclosed, which was called the Rath, stood the habitations of the chieftain and his family, which were, in general, small buildings constructed of earth and hurdles, or having, in some instances, walls of wood upon a foundation of earth.

In outward shape, as I have said, these dwellings of the living resembled those mounds which the Irish raised over their dead; and it is conjectured of the ancient earthen works on the Curragh of Kildare, that while the larger rath was the dwelling of the ancient chieftains of that district, the small entrenchments formed their cemetery or burial place. If thus uncivilised were the habitations of the great dynasts of those days, it may be imagined what were the abodes of the humbler classes of the community; though here, unfortunately, the imagination

is not called upon for any effort ; as, in the cottier's cabin of the present day, the disgraceful reality still exists ; and two thousand years have passed over the hovel of the Irish pauper in vain.

There needs no more striking illustration of the strong contrasts which Ireland's antiquities present, than, that, in the very neighbourhood of the earthen rath and the cave, there should rise proudly aloft those wonderful round towers, bespeaking, in their workmanship and presumed purposes, a connexion with religion and science, which marks their builders to have been of a race advanced in civilisation and knowledge, a race different, it is clear, from any of those who are known, from time to time, to have established themselves in the country, and, therefore, most probably, the old aboriginal inhabitants, in days when the arts were not yet strangers on their shores.

CATHOLIC GENTLEMEN IN THE PENAL TIMES,*

BY LADY MORGAN.

"PRAY was O'Donnel the Red, an ancestor of yours, Colonel O'Donnel?"

"My immediate ancestor, madam," he replied ; "a very brave and very unfortunate man, who lived the lord of this region, and died with only *this sword to bequeath to his posterity.* You

* From the novel of "O'Donnel."

will find the name of Hugh O'Donnel mentioned with honour in all the histories of land, whether traced by her enemies or friends. But I believe the most authentic though the simplest account of him, will be fit in the old national chronicle, called the 'Annals of the Four Masters,' from which the pages have read are extracted."

As he spoke, he took the volume which lay on the desk, and running over its pages, he said "This is one of our most curious chronicles. The late master of this retreat, my dearest friend and nearest kinsman, was engaged in translating from it the history of our family, when death claimed his own. You must perceive that what has been done by my late venerable kinsman, has been done carelessly, and is indeed rather a loose abridgement, than a just translation; exhibiting a want of connexion, so frequently obvious in the last efforts of declining intellect, when all the ties of association hold feebly together, when the mind only recovers itself by starts, and imagination, not wholly extinguished, sends forth but a few and sudden sparks from its decaying fires; yet the author of these feeble fragments had once noble spirit, and talents, adequate to fill the high station, to crown the boldest enterprise. The late O'Donnel distinguished himself in the diplomacy of Spain. His services, however, less known and felt, were marked rather by their success than by their recompence."

"It is lamentable," said Mr. Glentworth, "that talents so rarely found, should be employed in the service of any country but their own."

"True," said O'Donnel, "it is indeed lamentable—destructive to the country and fatal to the individual. But to command the services of genius, it must be unrestricted. It is the equal right, the equal hope, shining on all alike, which gives vigour to ability, and a right direction to the vague impulses of ambition. Sink the individual in the scale of social consideration, withdraw from him the natural motives, which should give strength to resolution and energy to action, and you banish or degrade him: he remains at home, alternating between the torpor of disgraceful indolence and the wildness of sullen disaffection; or he retires to other countries, to offer those talents, those energies to foreign states, for which he finds no mart at home. Like the liquid element, the human mind flows cloudy and polluted through narrow and prescribed channels; and derives its brilliancy, its purity, its wholesomeness, and its utility, alone from the freedom of its course, and the agitation of its own natural and unrestrained motions.

"To this alternative of idleness or banishment were the gentlemen of Ireland reduced by religious disqualification, at the period when the original of that picture, accompanied by a younger brother, bade adieu to the land of his fathers. The brothers offered their services in causes with which their feelings held no alliance. The younger O'Donnel entered the Austrian army where so many of his kinsmen had already distinguished themselves. He rapidly attained the rank of a general officer, lived in honour, and died in glory.

"The elder brother, with an early imbibed taste

for philosophical diplomacy, became an efficient agent in the court of Madrid, and expiated his illusion by his disappointment. He found himself involved in the narrow and illiberal views of a crooked and intricate policy; and discovered, too late, that the labour of an unfortunate alien, received alternately with an enforced confidence or a natural distrust, are accepted with reluctance, and rewarded with parsimony.

"In a moment of this melancholy conviction (his strong passions ever veering to extremes), he abandoned the world and threw himself into the Abbey of La Trappe. He was soon, however, again sought for, because his talents were soon missed; and the royal entreaty and papal authority once more dragged him on the scene of life, at the moment he was found digging his grave.

"Yet when death, after a course of years, robbed him of the prince he served, he remained unrecompensed, unprovided for; advanced in life, and care-worn in spirits. Then it was that his affections, (having completed the circle of objects, which in turn possess the bosom, and mark the stages from the cradle to the tomb,) returned to the goal from whence they started. His country, his home, awakened his heart's last warm impulsion: and the fond desire, so common among the Irish, that his eyes should be closed by the hands of kindred affection, led him back to that paternal roof, and to those ties, whose images time and *absence* had rather strengthened, than obliterated from his remembrance. He had left an elder brother, the representative of the faded honours and lessened fortunes of his family; and to the

sons of this brother he looked forward for the bright reflection of his own ardent youth, for the solace of his declining years. He returned after thirty years of exile: but found no home, nor brother, nor brother's children.

"There was, at the period to which I allude, a penal statute in force, which struck at once against the law of God and man, and tore asunder the holy bond, which forms the type of every social institution, the tie of filial and parental love. By this law, it was enacted, that the son of a Catholic parent, by conformity to the established church, could legally possess himself of the property of his family, and for ever alienate it (when so gained) from the rightful heirs. A crime thus sanctioned, did sometimes, (not often,) find its motive in the sordid selfishness of human depravity.

"Oh! then many a blessed tie was rent asunder—many a grey head was bowed with shame and sorrow to the grave. Brother raised his hand against brother." He paused again in emotion, and again continued: "In a word such was the event which hailed the Abbé's return to this country—the youngest of his two nephews had abjured a faith which only entailed misfortune; and reaping the fruits of his apostacy by taking the letter of the law, left his family and its natural heir destitute.

"The injured brother, maddened with the double wrongs of himself and his infant son, gave vent to nature's bitterest indignation. The brothers fought—*fratricide* was added to apostacy; and the guilty survivor, not able to appear on the scene of his crimes, left his country for ever."

OLD TIMES ! OLD TIMES !

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

OLD times ! old times ! the gay old times !
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally tree.
My Sunday palm beside me placed—
My cross upon my hand—
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land !
Old times ! Old times !

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale—
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale—
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there—
But in my wisdom there is love,
And in my knowledge care.
Old times ! Old times !

*I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain—
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain—*

To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes—
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing the good old times !
Old times ! Old times

And sure the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still ;
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
There's sunshine on the hill !
The sally waving o'er my head,
Still sweetly shades my frame—
But oh, those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same !
Old times ! Old times !

Oh, come again ye merry times !
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm—
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes,
My tears would flow in vain—
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again !
Old times ! Old times !

ORIGIN OF THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE
POPES.

BY THE RIGHT REV. DR. DOYLE.

TOWARDS the close of the eighth century, when the barbarians had nearly overwhelmed the Romans, when the feeble emperor could no longer yield them any assistance, the Franks, under Charlemagne, were solicited to come to their aid. This great man for five and twenty years waged a successful war against the enemies of Rome; he at length subdued them, and having obtained possession of Italy by the sword, was, as Athanasius the librarian, in his Life of Leo III. states, saluted emperor by the Roman people, and crowned with all possible solemnity by the pope.

The right of Charlemagne to the crown, was the right of conquest; he had won the empire by the sword in a just war; but it must have been as grateful to him as it was flattering to the Romans, to have the title given to him by a people, who for centuries claimed, and often exercised the right of bestowing it. Distinguished also as he was for piety and attachment to the holy see, he must have been gratified at his coronation being *graced*, and his new dignity, as it were, sanctified *by the presence and blessing of the first of bishops, at the foot of the most venerable altar in the*

world. To this event we may justly trace the origin of the temporal power of the pope.

Charlemagne had not exterminated the barbarians—France and Germany required his presence; he wished to create a new interest and a new power in Italy, and he wisely thought, that to keep his enemies in check, to preserve his new empire from internal commotion, and to secure his title against old pretensions from Constantinople, no means would be so efficient as to strengthen the hands of the pope, on whose fidelity and influence he could entirely rely. This plan accorded with his religious feelings, for his whole life proves that he was most sincerely attached to Christian virtue, and particularly devoted to the holy see.

He had observed, for, how could it have escaped his observation, the fidelity with which the popes clung to the former masters of the empire; how unshaken their loyalty had continued under the most severe trials, and he trusted that his own successors would find in them the most powerful supporters of that authority which he hoped to transmit to his descendants. For these reasons, Charlemagne bestowed upon the popes large privileges and possessions; by degrees, if not immediately, they took the government of Rome and its immediate dependencies into their own hands, and using for the purposes of their own aggrandizement, at one time, the names of SS. Peter and Paul; at another, that of the Roman senate and people; they grew imperceptibly to that importance in secular matters, in which they afterwards appeared.

The posterity of Charlemagne degenerated; the barbarians gradually embraced the faith; the empire itself was divided and subdivided. That then the power and pretensions of the pope in such a state of public affairs, should increase prodigiously, is most natural; so far from our surprise being excited by its growth, if it did not increase, we should be at a loss to ascertain the cause, and be compelled to think that the bishops of Rome were either more or less than men. But they were not, they were men, and men of education, discernment, power.

Their counsellors formed a corporation which never died; they possessed more learning than half Europe beside, and wherever a man of talent appeared, they were enabled to engage him in their service; they saw that all about them were semi-barbarians, and they endeavoured to soften their manners by subjecting them to the influence of religion, whilst in doing so, they were at the same time extending their own power. These popes encouraged the establishment of churches, bishoprics, and monasteries, and by such means endeavoured to preserve and extend education; they laboured also to advance civilization, by introducing throughout every part of Europe, the practice of the civil law.

When they could not put a stop to the savage system of deciding personal quarrels and questions of property by the sword, they at least prevailed on the parties who contended, to observe certain days of truce or cessation from war. When petty princes contended with each other, to the utter destruction of their unfortu-

nate vassals, popes often excommunicated those of the former who were most notoriously criminal. They laboured indefatigably throughout every nation to have councils, or assemblies of the bishops and barons held, in which some fixed rules might be agreed on for the government or conducting of public affairs. In these proceedings there never were individuals who deserved better of mankind than the popes; and were it not for them, the inhabitants of Europe at this day might be as far removed from civilization as the Scythian hordes.

When contending with emperors and kings, some of whom were monsters in the human form, the popes might have been sometimes led away, by a mistaken zeal, from the path of duty; sometimes by an inordinate ambition (a passion to which all men in power are subject,) oftentimes by passions still less excusable; but they were more frequently influenced by anxious desire to resist oppression—to promote justice—to vindicate innocence, or to preserve the church from simony, from scandal, from heresy, or ruin.

Whatever were the motives, however, which might have prompted them—whatever judgment we may *now* pass on them—however we may estimate their proceedings, removed as we are from their times by centuries of years—enlightened as we now are by science and experience—we should not withhold from them the credit which their good actions deserve, nor condemn *en masse* those acts which their judgment or the force of habit and circumstances induced them to sanction or perform.

Thus it was that in bad times, in times of turbulence and barbarism, the claims of the popes to the sovereignty of almost every kingdom in Europe grew up in silence, and were admitted and sanctioned by nearly all the ruling powers. It must be quite obvious that those claims had not their origin in the Gospel, nor in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, but in the state of society, in the mistaken zeal, or in the ambition of some popes ; a zeal or an ambition excited and directed by an insatiable avarice, pride, and thirst of power, in their followers and dependants. These papal claims, whilst Europe was immersed in barbarism, produced to society numberless benefits, as well as, at a later period, countless evils ; but the light of knowledge had no sooner gleamed upon the western hemisphere, than the deformity of this system was discovered, and accordingly as that light increased, and as society proceeded to adopt new institutions and new forms, the spell of the temporal dominion of the popes became less binding, until, at length, it was entirely dissolved. The power, and passions, and interests which it had created, struggled to defend it. The sentence of deposition passed against the sovereigns of this country were some of its last efforts ; but they, too, have ended, and we, who spilt our blood and lavished our treasures in assisting to defeat them, are still charged with being the abettors and retainers of what we thus opposed ! *They were the Catholics, and not the Protestants of Europe, who broke down the assumed power of the popes ; they were Catholics who employed their pens in exposing its origin and deformity, & who drew their swords and smote it to the ea*

EXTRACTS FROM THE WELLINGTON
DESPATCHES.*

BRITISH TROOPS.

It is impossible to describe to you the irregularities and outrages committed by the troops. They are never out of the sight of their officers that outrages are not committed on a people who have uniformly received us as friends, by soldiers who never yet, for one moment, suffered the slightest want, or the smallest privation.

We all know that the discipline and regularity of all armies must depend upon the diligence of the regimental officers, particularly the subalterns. I may order what I please ; but if they do not execute what I order, or if they execute it with negligence, I cannot expect that British soldiers will be orderly or regular. There are two incitements to men of this description to do their duty as they ought—the fear of punishment, and the hope of reward. As for the first, it cannot be given individually ; for I believe I should find it very difficult to convict any officer of doing this description of duty with negligence, more particularly as he is to be tried by others probably guilty of the same offence.

* From "Maxwell's Life of Wellington."

As for the other incitement to officers to do their duty zealously, there is no such thing. We who command the armies of the country, and who are expected to make exertions greater than those made by the French armies,—to march, to fight, and to keep our troops in health and in discipline,—have not the power of rewarding, or promising a reward, for a single officer of the army; and we deceive ourselves and those who are placed under us, if we imagine we have that power, or if we hold out to them that they shall derive any advantage from the execution of it in their favour.

PROMOTION.

In all services, excepting that of Great Britain, and in former times in the service of Great Britain, the commander-in-chief of an army employed against an enemy in the field had the power of promoting officers, at least to vacancies occasioned by the service, in the troops under his own command; and in foreign services, the principle is carried so far, as that no person can venture to recommend an officer for promotion, belonging to an army employed against the enemy in the field, excepting the commander of that army. It was pretty nearly the case formerly in our own service. But how is it now? The form remains still, in some degree, the same—that is to say, my secretary keeps the register of the applications, memorials, and regimental recommendations, a trouble which, by the bye, *might as well be saved*; but the substance is *entirely altered*; and I, who command the largest

British army that has been employed against the enemy for many years, and who have upon my hands certainly the most extensive and difficult concern that was ever imposed upon any British officer, have not the power of making even a corporal!!! It is impossible that this system can last. It will do very well for trifling expeditions and short services, &c.; but those who are to superintend the discipline, and to excite and regulate the exertions of the officers of the army, during a long continued service, must have the power of rewarding them by the only mode in which they can be rewarded, that is, by promotion. It is not known to the army and to strangers, and I am almost ashamed of acknowledging, the small degree (I ought to say nullity) of power of reward which belongs to my situation.

The consequence of the change of system in respect to me, would be only to give me the power of rewarding the services of those who have exerted, or should exert, themselves zealously in the service; and thus to stimulate others to similar exertions. Even admitting that the system of promotion by seniority, exploded in other armies, is the best for that of Great Britain, it would still be an advantage that those who become entitled to it should receive it immediately, and from the hand of the person who is obliged to expose them to danger, to enforce discipline, and to call for their exertions.

I am thoroughly convinced, that whatever may be the result in my hands, a British army cannot be kept in the field for any length of time, unless

the officers composing it have some hope that their exertions will certainly be rewarded by promotion; and that to be abroad on service, and to do their duty with zeal and intelligence, afford prospects of promotion not afforded by the mere presence of an officer with his regiment, and his bearing the king's commission for a certain number of years. We are an excellent army on parade, an excellent one to fight; but we are *worse than an enemy in a country*; and take my word for it, that either defeat or success would dissolve us.

I have been induced to communicate these opinions to you, from a strong conviction of their truth, and not, I assure you, from any interest I feel in the result. I would not give one pin to have the disposal of every commission in the army.

SPANISH ARMY, GOVERNMENT, &c.

Nothing can be worse than the officers of the Spanish army; and it is extraordinary that when a nation has devoted itself to war, as this nation has, by the measures it has adopted in the last two years, so little progress has been made in any one branch of the military profession by any individual, and that the business of an army should be so little understood. They are really children in the art of war, and I cannot say that they do anything as it ought to be done, with the exception of running away and assembling again *in a state of nature*. I really believe that much of this deficiency of numbers, composition, and efficiency, is to be attributed to the existing go-

vernment of Spain. They have attempted to govern the kingdom, in a state of revolution, by an adherence to old rules and systems, and with the aid of what is called enthusiasm; and this last is, in fact, no aid to accomplish anything, and is only an excuse for the irregularity with which everything is done, and for the want of discipline and subordination of the armies.

People are very apt to believe that enthusiasm carried the French through their revolution, and was the parent of those exertions which have nearly conquered the world; but if the subject is nicely examined, it will be found that enthusiasm was the name only, but that force was the instrument which brought forward those great resources, under the system of terror, which first stopped the allies; and that a perseverance in the same system of applying every individual, and every description of property, to the service of the army, by force, has since nearly conquered Europe.

. We are mistaken if we believe that what these Portuguese and Spanish armies require is discipline, properly so called. They want the habits and spirit of soldiers—the habits of command on one side, and of obedience on the other—mutual confidence between officers and men; and, above all, a determination in the superiors to obey the spirit of the orders they receive, let what will be the consequence, and the spirit to tell the true cause, if they do not.

It may also be asked, why we should spend *our money*, and why these troops should not go *on as the French troops do*, without pay, pro-

visions, magazines, or anything? The answer to this question is as long as what I have already written. The French army is certainly a wonderful machine; but if we are to form such a one, we must form such a government as exists in France, which can, with impunity, lose one-half of the troops employed in the field every year, only by the privations and hardships imposed upon them. Next, we must compose our army of soldiers drawn from all classes of the population of the country; from the good and middling, as well in rank as in education, as from the bad; and not as all other nations, and we in particular, do, from the bad only. Thirdly, we must establish such a system of discipline as the French have; a system founded upon the strength of the tyranny of the government, which operates upon an army composed of soldiers, the majority of whom are sober, well disposed, amenable to order, and, in some degree, educated.

When we shall have done all this, and shall have made these armies of the strength of those employed by the French, we may require of them to live as the French do, *viz.*, by authorised and regulated plunder of the country and its inhabitants, if any should remain; and we may expose them to the labour, hardships, and privations which the French soldier suffers every day; and we must expect the same proportion of loss every campaign, *viz.*, one-half of those who *take the field*.

VARIETIES OF FUEL.*

BY DR. KANE.

THE materials which we employ as fuel for our domestic and industrial purposes, are all derived from the vegetable kingdom, being either wood of modern growth, or else turf or coal, which are themselves but masses of vegetable matter of ancient growth, compressed and decomposed until they present their well-known aspect. In this country we may practically exclude wood from our consideration as a fuel; there is no feature of an Irish landscape more characteristic than the desert boldness of our hills, which, robbed of these sylvan honours that elsewhere diversify a rural prospect, present to every eye a type of the desolation which has overspread the land.

This barrenness of trees is but of recent origin. Numerous localities, in every part of Ireland, derive their names from having been originally embowered in forests. In every district where man's neglect, combined with nature's rank luxuriance of vegetation, has given occasion to the formation of those bogs, for which our country has become a bye word, it is found that immersed in the turf are quantities of large

* From "The Industrial Resources of Ireland."

timber, generally fir, birch, and oak ; the former so impregnated with resinous material, that a splinter burns like a candle, and may be employed as such. This resin is partly the native turpentine of the tree, but, for the most part, consists of peculiar bodies produced by the decomposition to which the wood is subjected, and by which, if the action were continued for a sufficient length of time, true bituminous coal might be produced.

That the country was some centuries ago remarkable for its extent of forests, as it is now by the reverse, appears from all our historians. Many causes conspired for their destruction. In some districts they were extirpated to increase the arable surface. In others in order to destroy the shelter which bands of outlaws found in their recesses. An extensive export trade in oak was at one time carried on, and two centuries ago the manufacture of iron was in great activity throughout this country, and led to the cutting down, as Boate says, of innumerable trees in order to prepare charcoal.

During all this time, no one planted ; all sought their immediate profit and cared not for the future, and the final result has been, that at present the timber grown in Ireland is not sufficient for those uses to which it specially is adapted, and as a fuel we may consider it never to be employed. There is no doubt but that the coal has had its origin in the amassing together of great quantities of trees and plants, which constituted the vegetation of our globe at a

period far antecedent to the appearance of man upon its surface. There is reason to suppose, that vegetable growth was then more active than it is now in the same localities. The plants whose forms may still be recognised in the beds of coal, belong, in great part, not to the vegetation of the temperate climes, but to that which characterises the scenery of the tropics.

In the convulsions to which the superficial crust of the earth has been subjected, these forests have been destroyed ; the growth of an immense surface, probably carried together by currents, has been engulfed and covered with mud and sand, and was thus subjected, under the influence of enormous pressure, and probably of an elevated temperature, to those decomposing agencies, by which vegetable matter, when in contact with moisture, is incessantly affected.

Under such circumstances, wood is converted into coal. The change is not sudden, nor direct. It would be difficult to recognise in the masses of coal we usually burn, the forms of the plants from which it had its origin. But there are many varieties of coal. In the deposits of the true coal formation, the chemical changes have been carried on through such a lapse of ages, and under circumstances so favourable to their action, that it is now completed. But in geological epochs less remote, masses of vegetable remains have also been imbedded, in which we can study the intermediate states of change. It is thus by connecting the fossil wood or brown coal with *recent wood* upon the one hand, and with true

coal upon the other, that we obtain an accurate view of the course of alteration which has produced this important fuel.

EVILS OF DEPENDENCE.*

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Few virtues have been more praised by moralists than generosity; but among the many who have enforced the duty of giving, I am surprised there are none to inculcate the ignominy of receiving, to show that by every favour we accept, we in some measure forfeit our native freedom, and that a state of continual dependence on the generosity of others is a life of gradual debasement.

Were men taught to despise the receiving obligations, with the same force of reasoning and declamation that they are instructed to confer them, we might then see every person in society filling up the requisite duties of his station with cheerful industry, neither relaxed by hope, nor sullen from disappointment. Every favour a man receives, in some measure sinks him below his dignity, and in proportion to the value of the benefit, or the frequency of its acceptance, he gives up so much of his natural independence.

* From the "Citizen of the World."

He, therefore, who thrives upon the unmerited bounty of another, if he has any sensibility, suffers the worst of servitude; the shackled slave may murmur without reproach, but the humble dependant is taxed with ingratitude upon every symptom of discontent; the one may rave round the walls of his cell, but the other lingers in all the silence of mental confinement.

To increase his distress, every new obligation but adds to the former load which kept the vigorous mind from rising; till at last, elastic no longer, it shapes itself to constraint, and puts on habitual servility.

It is thus with the feeling mind; but there are some who, born without any share of sensibility, receive favour after favour, and still cringe for more—who accept the offer of generosity with as little reluctance as the wages of merit, and even make thanks for past benefits an indirect petition for new; such, I grant, can suffer no debasement from dependence, since they were originally as vile as was possible to be! Dependence degrades only the ingenuous, but leaves the sordid mind in pristine meanness. In this manner, therefore, long continued generosity is misplaced, or it is injurious; it either finds a man worthless, or it makes him so; and true it is, that the person who is contented to be often obliged, ought not to have been obliged at all.

Yet, while I describe the meanness of a life of continued dependence, I would not be thought to include those natural or political subordinations which subsist in every society; for in such,

though dependence is exacted from the inferior, yet the obligation on either side is mutual. The son must rely upon his parent for support, but the parent lies under the same obligation to give, that the other has to expect; the subordinate officer must receive the commands of his superior, but for this obedience the former has a right to demand an intercourse of favour.

Such is not the dependence I would depreciate, but that where every expected favour must be the result of mere benevolence in the giver, where the benefit can be kept without remorse, or transferred without injustice. The character of a legacy-hunter for instance, is detestable in some countries and despicable in all; this universal contempt of a man who infringes upon none of the laws of society, some moralists have arraigned as a popular and unjust prejudice; never considering the necessary degradation a wretch must undergo, who previously expects to grow rich by benefits without having either natural or social claim to enforce his petitions.

But this intercourse of benefaction and acknowledgment is often injurious even to the giver, as well as the receiver; a man can gain but little knowledge of himself, or of the world, amidst a circle of those whom hope or gratitude has gathered round him; their unceasing humiliations must necessarily increase his comparative magnitude, for all men measure their own abilities *by those of their company*; thus being taught to *overrate his merit*, he in reality lessens it.

It is, perhaps, one of the severest misfortunes of the great, that they are, in general, obliged to

live among men whose real virtue is lessened by dependence, and whose minds are enslaved by obligations. The humble companion may have at first accepted patronage with generous views, but soon he feels the mortifying influence of conscious inferiority, by degrees sinks into a flatterer, and from flattery at last degenerates into stupid veneration.

No, my son, a life of independence is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the soul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom, and friendship. To give should be our pleasure, but to receive our shame; serenity, health, and affluence attend the desire of rising by labour; misery, repentance, and disrespect that of succeeding by extorted benevolence; the man who can thank himself alone for the happiness he enjoys, is truly blessed; and lovely, far more lovely the sturdy gloom of laborious indigence, than the fawning simper of thriving adulation.

MOONLIGHT.

BY J. J. CALLANAN

'Tis sweet at hush of night
By the calm moon to wander,
And view those isles of light
That float so far beyond her,
In that wide sea
Whose waters free
Can find no shore to bound them.

On whose calm breast
Pure spirits rest,
With all their glory round them ;
Oh ! that my soul, all free
From bonds of earth, might sever
Oh ! that those isles might be
Her resting place for ever.

When all those glorious spheres
The watch of Heaven are keeping,
And dews, like Angels' tears,
Around are gently weeping ;
O ! who is he
That carelessly
On virtue's bound encroaches,
But then will feel
Upon him steal
Their silent sweet reproaches ?
Oh ! that my soul, all free
From bonds of earth, might sever ;
Oh ! that those isles might be
Her resting place for ever.

And when in secret sighs
The lonely heart is pining,
If we but view those skies,
With all their bright host shining ;
While sad we gaze
On their mild rays,
They seem like seraphs smiling :
To joys above,
With looks of love,
The weary spirit willing ;
Oh ! that my soul, all free
From bonds of earth, could sever ;
Oh ! that those isles might be
Her resting place for ever.

ANALYSIS OF CRITICAL TASTE.

BY THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE.

A man to whom sculpture is new, sees a barber's block, or some ordinary piece of statuary; he is immediately struck and pleased, because he sees something like a human figure; and, entirely taken up with this likeness, he does not at all attend to its defects. No person, I believe, at the first time of seeing a piece of imitation ever did.

Some time after, we suppose that this novice lights upon a more artificial work of the same nature; he now begins to look with contempt on what he admired at first; not that he admired it even then for its unlikeness to a man, but for that general, though inaccurate resemblance which it bore to the human figure. What he admired at different times in these so different figures, is strictly the same; and though his knowledge is improved, his taste is not altered.

Hitherto his mistake was from a want of knowledge in art, and this arose from his inexperience; but he may be still deficient from a want of knowledge in nature. For it is possible that the man in question may stop here, and that the masterpiece of a great hand may please him no more than the middling performance of a vulgar artist; and this not for want of a better or higher reliab,

but because all men do not observe with sufficient accuracy on the human figure to enable them to judge properly of an imitation of it. And that the critical taste does not depend upon a superior principle in men, but upon superior knowledge, may appear from several instances. The story of the ancient painter and the shoemaker is very well known.

The shoemaker set the painter right with regard to some mistakes he had made in the shoe of one of his figures, and which the painter, who had not made such accurate observations on shoes, and was content with a general resemblance, had never observed. But this was no impeachment to the taste of the painter; it only shewed some want of knowledge in the art of making shoes. Let us imagine that an anatomist had come into the painter's working room.

His piece is in general well done, the figure in question in a good attitude, and the parts well adjusted to their various movements; yet the anatomist, critical in his art, may observe the swell of some muscle not quite just in the peculiar action of the figure. Here the anatomist observes what the painter had not observed; and he passes by what the shoemaker had remarked.

But a want of the last critical knowledge in anatomy no more reflected on the natural good taste of the painter, or of any common observer of this piece, than the want of an exact knowledge in the formation of a shoe. A fine piece of a decollated head of St. John the Baptist was shewn

to a Turkish emperor ; he praised many things, but he observed one defect ; he observed that the skin did not shrink from the wounded part of the neck. The sultan on this occasion, though his observation was very just, discovered no more natural taste than the painter who executed this piece, or than a thousand European connoisseurs, who probably never would have made the same observation. His Turkish majesty had indeed been well acquainted with that terrible spectacle, which the others could only have represented in their imagination.

JAMES THE SECOND'S VINDICATION OF HIMSELF.*

BY JOHN BANIM.

"SELDOM has it chanced," continued James, "that we have been afforded the opportunity of demanding from an enemy, face to face, his reasons for hostility ; now would it please us to hear your friend speak his ; alas ! we are reduced to the extremity of wishing to vindicate our blackened character to the meanest subject whom slander may have misled to rebel against us.—Speak, sir ; tell the reasons you suppose you have to draw your sword against your sovereign ; tell *them*, and he will, himself, condescend to answer

* From the " Boyne Water."

you." Evelyn, through mixed confusion, and the fear of a fate more serious than befel Gil Blas with the archbishop, continued silent.

"Speak out, man," resumed James; "saints and martyrs! have you fear that after the plighting our royal word for your safety, and after the commending you with our own lips, to tell the blunt truth, peril may attend your boldest speech?"

Denying any such apprehension, and thus compelled to say something, Evelyn at once resolved to answer, manfully and honourably, the strange claim made upon him, and accordingly said, that, while in the early stages of the late civil commotions, he but wavered in his opinion of a ground for just resistance, his majesty's abdication had of itself seemed to release him from allegiance.

At this James was taking fire, but he turned round, a moment, as if fully to master his temper; and at length said: "Abdication is giving up a right in possession, by one's own free act and will; I was driven from my throne by threat, positive violence, and the necessity of self-preservation; and when those who so drove me away, found me absent, they called the consequences of their own well-planned measures, my willing act and deed; their cruelty, my weakness; my extremity, my choice; and thus the first assertion of their right to my crown was a deliberate falsehood, for the circumstantial framing of which, *they had* contrived, beforehand, a pains-taking plot.

"*Had I* abdicated, I must have expressed, upon *some occasion*, or to *some person*, my pleasure

so to do; whereas, I left behind me, at the very moment I was first compelled to leave London, my avowals of the necessitous circumstances that forced me into an absence; my protests against them, and my firm resolves to labour, under every change of fortune, for the restoration of my crown, and the happiness and satisfaction of my people. Witness my letter to the lords, and others of the privy council; my letter to the Earl of Feversham, my general; and afterwards, various other letters, messages, and declarations, to different public bodies.

“Upon the sudden news of the landing of the Prince of Orange, I was deserted by all upon whom I could have placed reliance. The men who grew into greatness under my love and confidence—the children—but pass we that; my very army I could not trust; or else, could I have done so, I should have had one good blow for it. In such a situation, what was to have been my course? Durst I, with any respect for the first instinct of nature, have awaited the approach of my bad son-in-law, with his bad advisers? The sense of the indignities put forth in his proclamation; and the just apprehension of further attempts on our person, by those who already endeavoured to murder our reputation by infamous calumnies—as if—— (his graceful delivery, for which he was remarkable, here failed him; his words faltered, and his lip quivered)—as if we had been capable of supposing a *Prince of Wales*—calumnies incomparably more *injurious* than the destroying our person itself; together with a serious reflection on a saying of

our royal father, *'that there is little distance between the prisons and the graves of princes.'* Those were some of our reasons for deeming it a duty to attend to the law of nature, and save life, at least, from the hands of a near relation, and for the benefit of our subjects.

“After my obstruction on the river, where our royal person was rudely handled by some of the meanest of mankind—and after my return to Whitehall, I might have expected better usage from the Prince of Orange, in consequence of what I had writ to him by my Lord Feversham ; but instead of an answer such as I might have hoped, what was I to expect, after the usage I received, by his making the said earl a prisoner against the practice and the law of nations ? The sending his own foreign guards, at eleven o'clock at night, to take possession of the posts at Whitehall, without advertising me in the least manner of it ? The sending me at one of the clock, after midnight, when I was in bed, an order to be gone out of my own palace, before twelve, that same morning ? After all this, what could I hope from him, at whose hands a sovereign prince, and uncle, and a father, could meet with no better entertainment ? How could I hope to be safe from him who had tried to blacken me as black as hell to my own people, and the world, adopting in his declaration all the infamous charges against me ? My English guards taken away, and a Dutch guard accompanying me to Rochester, whither I had desired to remove ?

“Thus was the royal martyr, our royal father, encompassed about, until a proper time arrived for

the taking his life as well as crown ; and thus I would not brook to remain when liberty offered. I was born free, and desire to remain so. Therefore the world need not be surprised at my withdrawing myself a second time from Rochester.

“ And now, stripling, if you have truly stated your only or chief cause for rebellion, to arise from the abdicating, by us, the throne of our ancestors, return to those who helped you to such a reason, and tell them that from the sovereign prince they have caused you to wrong, and disposed you to destroy, you have heard his own apology. Tell them that to yourself, an undistinguished subject, he has—in all the humility that becomes his humbled station, and in all the earnestness that becomes an injured man and a Christian king, vouchsafed to vindicate himself, and the infant son who suffers with him, from their cruel slander.”

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

BY SWIFT.

THE grand affair of your life will be to gain and preserve the friendship and esteem of your husband. You are married to a man of good education and learning, of an excellent understanding and an exact taste. It is true, and it is happy for you, that these qualities in him are adorned

with great modesty, a most amiable sweetness of temper, and an unusual disposition to sobriety and virtue : but, neither good nature nor virtue will suffer him to esteem you against his judgment ; and although he is not capable of using you ill, yet you will in time grow a thing indifferent, and, perhaps, contemptible, unless you can supply the loss of youth and beauty, with more durable qualities. You have but a very few years to be young and handsome in the eyes of the world, you must therefore use all endeavours to attain to some degree of those accomplishments, which your husband most values in other people, and for which he is most valued himself.

You must improve your mind, by closely pursuing such a method of study, as I shall direct or approve of. You must get a collection of history and travels, and spend some hours every day in reading them, and making extracts from them, if your memory be weak ; you must invite persons of knowledge and understanding to an acquaintance with you, by whose conversation you may learn to correct your taste and judgment ; and when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourself, and to become a reasonable and agreeable companion.

This must produce in your husband a true rational love and esteem for you, which old age will not diminish. He will have a regard for *your judgment and opinion in matters of the greatest weight ; you will be able to entertain each other without a third person to relieve you by finding discourse.* The endowments of your

mind will even make your person more agreeable to him ; and when you are alone, your time will not lie heavy upon your hands, for want of some trifling amusement. I would have you look upon finery as a necessary folly, which all great ladies did, whom I have ever known : I do not desire you to be out of the fashion, but to be the last and least in it. I expect that your dress shall be one degree lower than your fortune can afford ; and in your own heart I would wish you to be a contemner of all distinctions which a finer petticoat can give you ; because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better natured, more virtuous or wise, than if it hung upon a peg. If you are in company with men of learning ; though they happen to discourse of arts and sciences out of your compass, yet you will gather advantage by listening to them ; but if they be men of breeding, as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation, where you ought not to be a leader, and in time have your part.

If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms of Europe, of travels into remoter nations, of the state of your own country, or of the great men and actions of Greece and Rome ; if they give their judgment upon English and French writers, either in verse, or prose, or of the nature and limits of virtue and vice ; it is a shame for a lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour by reading and information, to have her share in those entertainments.

Pray, observe, how insignificant things ar

many ladies, when they have passed their youth and beauty ; how contemptible they appear to men, and yet more contemptible to the young part of their own sex : and have no relief, but in passing their afternoons in visits, where the conversation is never acceptable ; while the former part of the day is spent in spleen and envy, or in vain endeavour to repair by art and dress the ruin of time. Whereas, I have known ladies at times to whom all the polite part of the court and city paid their addresses without any farther view than that of enjoying the pleasure of their conversation. I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man, which is not equally so in a woman : I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature. Nor do I know one quality so folly, which is not equally detestable in a woman.

There is, indeed, one infirmity, which is generally allowed you, I mean that of cowardice ; there should seem to be something very ridiculous, that when women profess their admiration of valour in our sex, they should fancy it a graceful becoming quality in themselves, to be afraid of their own shadows : to scream and barge, when the weather is calmest, or in a crowd at the ring : to run from a cow at a hundred yards distance ; to fall into fits at the sight of a spider, an earwig, or a frog. At least, if cowardice be a sign of cruelty, (as it is generally granted,) I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desirable, as to be thought worth proving by affectation.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THEY tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,

Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth
From which the life, that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame, (*if* fame it be,)
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee.

CONFESSIONS OF A LIAR.*

BY SIR RICHARD STEELE.

I SHALL, without any manner of preface or apology, acquaint you, that I am, and ever have been, from my youth upwards, one of the *greatest liars* this island has produced. I have read

* From "The Spectator."

all the moralists upon the subject, but could never find any effect their discourses had upon me, but to add to my misfortune by new thoughts and ideas, and making me more ready in my language, and capable of sometimes mingling seeming truths with my improbabilities. With this strong passion towards falsehood in this kind, there does not live an honester man, or a sincerer friend ; but my imagination runs away with me, and whatever is started, I have such a scene of adventures appear in an instant before me, that I cannot help uttering them, though, to my immediate confusion, I cannot but know I am liable to be detected by the first man I meet.

Upon occasion of the mention of the battle of Pultowa, I could not forbear giving an account of a kinsman of mine, a young merchant, who was at Moscow, that had too much mettle to attend books of entries and accounts, when there was so active a scene in the country where he resided, and followed the Czar as a volunteer.

- This warm youth (born at the instant the thing was spoken of) was the man who unhorsed the Swedish general ; he was the occasion that the Muscovites kept their fire in so soldier-like a manner, and brought up those troops which were covered from the enemy at the beginning of the day ; besides this, he had the good fortune to be the man who took Count Piper. With all this fire I knew my cousin to be the civilest creature in the world. He never made any impertinent show of his valour, and then he had an excellent *genius* for the world in every other kind. I had *letters from him* (here I felt in my pockets) that

exactly spoke the Czar's character, which I knew perfectly well; and I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his imperial majesty twice or thrice a week all the while he lodged at Deptford.

What is worse than all this, it is impossible to speak to me, but you give me some occasion of coming out with one lie or other, that has neither wit, humour, prospect of interest, or any other motive that I can think of in nature. The other day, when one was commending an eminent and learned divine, what occasion in the world had I to say, "Methinks he would look more venerable if he were not so fair a man!" I remember the company smiled. I have seen the gentleman since, and he is coal-black.

I have intimations every day in my life that nobody believes me, yet I am never the better. I was saying something the other day to an old friend at Will's coffee-house, and he made me no manner of answer; but told me that an acquaintance of Tully the orator having two or three times together said to him, without receiving any answer, "that, upon his honour, he was but that very month forty years of age," Tully answered, "Surely you think me the most incredulous man in the world, if I do not believe what you have told me every day these ten years." The mischief of it is, I find myself wonderfully inclined to have been present at every occurrence that is spoken of before me; this has led me into many inconveniences; but, indeed, they have been the fewer, because I am no ill-natured man, and never speak things to any man's disadvantage. I never di-

rectly defame, but I do what is as bad in the sequences, for I have often made a man say and such a lively expression, who was but a mere elder brother. When one has said in hearing, "such a one is no wiser than he should be," I immediately have replied, "Now, fair cannot see that; he said a very good thing to lord such-a-one, upon such an occasion, and like." Such an honest dolt as this has watched in every expression he uttered, upon recommendation of him, and consequently subject to the more ridicule.

I once endeavoured to cure myself of this incontinent quality, and resolved to hold my tongue seven days together: I did so, but then I had many winks and unnecessary distortions of my mouth upon what any body else said, that I found I forbore the expression, and that I still lied in my heart to every man I met with. You are to know one thing (which I believe you will say is a pity considering the use I should have made of it) I never travelled in my life; but I do not know whether I could have spoken of any foreign country with more familiarity than I do at present in company who are strangers to me. I have cursed the inns in Germany, commended the freedom of conversation in France, and, though I never was out of this dear town, and fifty years about it, I have been three nights together dogged by bravoës, for an intrigue with a cardinal's mistress at Rome.

It were endless to give you particulars of this kind; but I can assure you, Mr. Spectator, that there are about twenty or thirty of us in this town

mean by this town the cities of London and Westminster; I say there are in town a sufficient number of us to make a society among ourselves; and since we cannot be believed any longer, I beg of you to print this my letter, that we may meet together, and be under such regulation as there may be no occasion for belief or confidence among us. If you think fit, we might be called "the historians," for liar is become a very harsh word.

And that a member of the society may not hereafter be ill received by the rest of the world, I desire you would explain a little this sort of men, and not let us historians be ranked, as we are in the imaginations of ordinary people, among common liars, make-bates, impostors, and incendiaries. For your instruction herein, you are to know that an historian in conversation is only a person of so pregnant a fancy, that he cannot be contented with ordinary occurrences.

I know a man of quality of our order, who is of the wrong side of forty-three, and has been of that age, according to Tully's jest, for some years since, whose vein is upon the romantic. Give him the least occasion, and he will tell you something so very particular that happened in such a year, and in such company, where, by the bye, was present such-a-one, who was afterwards made such a thing. Out of all these circumstances, in the best language in the world, he will join together, with such probable incidents, an account that shews a person of the deepest penetration, *the honestest mind*, and withal something so *hum-ble*, when he speaks of himself, that you would

admire. Dear sir, why should this be lying? there is nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest aspect; something so very venerable and great!

Another of these historians is a very young man, whom we would take in, though he extremely wants parts; as people send children (before they even learn anything) to school, to keep them out of harm's way. He tells things which have nothing at all in them, and can neither please nor displease, but merely take up your time to no manner of purpose, no manner of delight; but he is goodnatured, and does it because he loves to be saying something to you, and entertain you. I could name you a soldier that he hath done very great things without slaughter; he is prodigiously dull and slow of head, but what he can say is for ever false; so that we must have him. Give me leave to tell you of one more, who is a lover; he is the most afflicted creature in the world, lest what happened between him and a great beauty should ever be known. Yet again he comforts himself—"Hang the jade her woman. If money can keep the slut trusty I will do it, though I mortgage every acre. Antony and Cleopatra for that; all for love and the world well lost." Then, sir, there is my little merchant, honest Indigo of the 'Change, there is my man for loss and gain; there is tare and tret; there is lying all round the globe; he *has such a* prodigious intelligence, he knows all *the French* are doing, or what we intend or *ought to intend*, and has it from such hands *But, alas!* whither am I running? while I com-

plain, while I remonstrate to you, even all this is a lie, and there is not one such person of quality, lover, soldier, or merchant, as I have now described, in the whole world, that I know of.

ON SLAVERY.*

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

That I were dead !
O ! what is death, compared to slavery ?
Brutes may bear bondage—they were made for it,
When heaven set man above them ; but no mark
Definite and indelible, it put
Upon one man to mark him from another,
That he should live his slave. O heavy curse !
To have thought, reason, judgment, feelings, tastes,
Passions, and conscience, like another man,
And not have equal liberty to use them,
But call his mood their master ! why was I born
With passion to be free—with faculties
To use enlargement—with desires that cleave
To high achievements—and with sympathies
Attracting me to objects fair and noble,
And yet with power over myself as little
As any beast of burden ? Why should I live ?
There are of brutes themselves that will not tame,
So high in them is nature : whom the spur
And lash, instead of curing, only chafe
Into prouder mettle ; that will let you kill them,
Ere they will suffer you to master them.
I am a man, and live.

* From the Play of "Love."

HOW TO ATTAIN AND PRESERVE LIBERTY,*

BY DR. DRENNAN.

LET not this nation yet dare to call itself patriotic; there is scarcely a nation on the face of the earth which at certain periods has not burst into general notice, and illumined the historic page with a gleam of glory; but this glory quickly passed away, and the brand, which perhaps had filled the world with its flames, still sunk, like a taper in the socket; even Corsica has twinkled in the Mediterranean. There must be a certain time, and that not a short one, in which the constant agency of public spirit shall have produced an habitual determination of the public will to the public good, powerful enough even to influence the manners and morals of a people, before that people should be dignified with the style and title of patriotic; good passions form good principles, but to produce this effect, their operations must be lasting as well as vigorous.

The man who addresses you is a slave! As his condition is such, he feels himself inclined to bless his God that he is sensible of that condition. The bondage must be felt before the chain can be broken. I call that servitude beyond the power of redemption where a callous body is united to a senseless mind, and where man is transformed into

* From the Letters of Orellana.

a well trained biped, that grows fat in the interval of blows. I am not ashamed to express the acute sensation which I have of my condition as a slave, because I consider it in the light of an auspicious signal from the hand of Heaven, that I am still capable of freedom. I prostrate myself before that being, in whose eyes every slave must be an idolater, and over whose rights every tyrant must be an usurper, beseeching him to pierce the hearts of my dear countrymen with the same sharp sense of their condition that I have of my own.—I rise up, and feel myself a man!

Every nation under the sun must be placed in one of two conditions. It must be free, or enslaved. I make no scruple of affirming that there is no medium between those two situations, and if we are deceived into the belief that there is such an intermediate state, it is by mistaking the prudent moderation of tyrants, the mildness of modern manners, or the gentle but powerful influence of religion for public liberty; or a still more fatal error, for sufficient security in the enjoyment of that liberty. Our own wills, or which ought to be the same thing, the will of our representatives, either possesses an adequate share in the supreme legislative power, or it does not. If it does not, we are slaves. *We are so.* Call yourselves, countrymen, by your true title. It is that fallacious and empty title, of freemen and fellow-citizens, which cheats you into the belief that substance is connected with the sound. Friends and fellow-citizens, is the address used by the Venetian aristocracy to the simple populace; and when the edict came from Caprea, Tiberius

did not hesitate to call the senate which registered it, Romans. Your boyhood and your youth were led astray by false associations, and blinded by the refined delusions of history: you claimed relationship with the Saxon Alfred, who established juries, crushed corruption, and laid the foundation of the English constitution; with Hampden, who had a head to contrive, a heart to conceive, and a hand to execute; and Sydney, who shook the scaffold with his undaunted tread, was, to be sure, one of your great progenitors! 'Tis all the fairy-tale of infancy. You are all native Irish, under the control of an English Pale, and every rotten borough in the kingdom is nothing more or less than a feudal castle, and the collection of these petty sovereignties is nothing more or less than despotism.

INTERCOURSE AIDS CIVILIZATION.*

BY DR. KANE.

It is not enough that a country may possess, in the fertility of its soil, or the richness of its mines, the materials for the creation of industrial wealth, but also there must be the means of bringing these resources into play by land and water communication. Direct and safe modes of *communication* are indispensable to the *development of industrial pursuits*, as well for the

* *From "The Industrial Resources of Ireland."*

procuring access to raw materials, as to secure markets for the manufactured goods. The internal communications of a country demand attention, however, on grounds of far higher order than their merely facilitating mercantile transactions; they are connected with the highest moral aims of the legislator, by their influence on the habits and the conduct of the people. The isolation in which man is condemned to live, in a district destitute of roads, or where transport is difficult and expensive, is fatal to his progress in civilization and humanity. He grows up in ignorance of his fellow men; his mind, limited to the circle of a few ideas elsewhere obsolete, looks upon all deviation from them as fraught with injury and ruin. The results of new methods in the management of land or labour, which within a few miles are actually producing the greatest benefits, remain utterly unknown to him. The stimulus of contact with persons above him, and yet not too far removed from his sphere to prevent the ambition arising within him of exerting himself to attain the comfort and consideration, which they enjoy, does not present itself to his mind. His isolation and his ignorance remove him equally from the instructor and the instructor from him, and he resists the violence, by which, in the absence of reason, he can alone show his will, the intrusions and novelties calculated to break through the sterile monotony in which his forefathers and he have vegetated. An enlightened Frenchman, in speaking of the cost of the manufacturing iron in France, as affecting railroads,

said: "The question of the price of iron—it is the question of roads, the question of communications, of intercourse between man and man, of the obliteration of prejudices, of the production of mutual amity, of morality, and civilization." These considerations are borne out in a very remarkable manner by the results of the construction of roads in certain parts of Ireland, that had been previously destitute of the means of transport.

The consequence of not having roads is illustrated by the evidence of Mr. Fetherstone, who, describing some of his most important bog improvements to a committee of the House of Commons, says: "The oats these lands grow is so very fine, and of such a rich gold colour, that if we can possibly get it down to the lowlands, we sell it freely for seed-oats, but the roads being so bad, we put it to the purpose of illicit distillation. It is a great deal cheaper to distil it than to bring it to market, for we could only bring a sack at a time, and we distil it on the spot at once, and on that account very little of it finds its way to the market. . . . There are no roads at all. I was obliged to take my carts to pieces, and carry them on horses' backs, and then I made the roads through my part of the mountain. The mountain is alluvial land, and produces anything. The oats are beautiful and an enormous crop; but what is the good of it? You cannot send it to market. There are no gentlemen residing in that mountain country, and the people are in a lawless state." The combination of facts is here important. A fer-

tile soil, its produce available only by outraging the laws, demoralizing the people, and rendering them fit for the perpetration of those insane outrages, which we too often have to record. For this the remedy is not Draconic legislation, but making roads; not blindly punishing the people for being savages, but opening to them the means of civilization and honest industry. When this is done, it is remarkable how instantly the very poorest of the people hasten to avail themselves of its benefits. When Mr. Nimmo was engaged in the construction of the Connemara roads, his workmen were actually inconvenienced by the country cars conveying produce and objects of traffic, even up to the spot which the engineers were at the moment commencing to render passable. Similar instances occurred elsewhere.

In the district called Pobble O'Keefe's country, on the limits of the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Kerry, which had been a place of refuge for malefactors, and desperadoes of all kinds, and had remained totally uncultivated, a set of roads were made under the direction of Mr. Griffith. As the roads advanced, cottages and farm-houses sprang into existence along their sides; cultivation extended itself from their edges into the waste. The bad characters that had inhabited it, disappeared, and a single policeman has marched a prisoner through the entire district, without any other than the most friendly greetings along his way. The whole organization of the locality has been changed, and at the same time with pecuniary benefit to the public.

THE IRISH BOATMAN'S HYMN.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.)

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.B.E.A.

BARK that bear me through foam and squall,
You, in the storm, are my castle wall ;
Though the sea should redden from bottom to top,
From tiller to mast she takes no drop,
On the tide-top, the tide-top,
Wherry aroon, my land and store !
On the tide-top, the tide-top,
She is the boat can sail *go leor*.

She dresses herself, and goes gliding on,
Like a dame in her robes of the Indian lawn ;
For God has blessed her, gunnel and whale,
And oh ! if you saw her stretch out to the gale,
On the tide-top, the tide top,
Wherry aroon, my land and store !
On the tide-top, the tide-top,
She is the boat can sail *go leor*.

Whillan* ahoy ! old heart of stone,
Stooping so black o'er the beach alone,

* A rock on the shore near Blacksod-harbour.

Answer me well—on the bursting brine
Saw you ever a bark like mine ?

On the tide-top, the tide-top,
Wherry aroon, my land and store !
On the tide top, the tide-top,
She is the boat can sail *go leor*.

Says Whillan—since first I was made of stone,
I have looked abroad o'er the beach alone ;
But till to-day, on the bursting brine,
Saw I never a bark like thine,

On the tide-top, the tide-top,
Wherry aroon, my land and store !
On the tide-top, the tide-top,
She is the boat can sail *go leor*.

God of the air ! the seamen shout,
When they see us tossing the brine about ;
Give us the shelter of strand or rock,
Or through and through us she goes with a shock !

On the tide-top, the tide-top,
Wherry aroon, my land and store !
On the tide-top, the tide-top,
She is the boat can sail *go leor*.

CHARACTER OF THE IRISH, FROM ENGLISH
TESTIMONIES.

(FROM O'CONNELL'S "IRELAND AND THE IRISH.")

It affords an inquiry of some interest to ascertain what was the genius and the disposition, what the social and moral character of the people who had endured such hideous cruelties, and who were now made citizens of the state. I will not draw that character in the glowing colours in which it has been painted by Irish writers, or by any favourers or partizans of the Irish. I will take that character from Englishmen and Protestants; and from persons who themselves were participators in the crimes which I have mentioned, and in those which remain to be described.

The following is from an English Protestant writer, by no means favourable to the Irish; on the contrary, a man disposed to speak ill of, and to calumniate them and their clergy. Here is the worst he could say of them:—

“The people are thus inclined, religious, frank, amorous, irefull, sufferable of infinite pains, verie glorious, manie sorcerers, excellent horsemen, delighted with warres, great alms-givers, passing in *hospitality*. The lewder sort, both clerkes and *laiemen*, are sensuall and ouer loose in living.—*The same being vertuouslie bred up or reformed, are such mirrors of holinesse and austeritie, that*

other nations retain but a shadow of devotion in comparison of them. As for abstinence and fasting, it is to them a familiar kind of chastisement."—*Stanihurst, apud Hollinshed.*

But as character is best shown by individual traits, especially when the writer is one adversely inclined, I select a passage descriptive of the fidelity that existed between foster brothers amongst the Irish; and it is not going too far to say, that a people capable of such high and generous attachment to each other, and to their duty, ought to rank high in the estimation of good men. Mark the following extract:—

"You cannot find one instance of perfidy, deceit, or treachery among them; nay, they are ready to expose themselves to all manner of dangers *for the safety of those who sucked their mother's milk.* You may beat them to a mummy; you may put them on the rack; you may burn them on a gridiron; you may expose them to the most exquisite torture that the cruellest tyrant can invent; yet you will never remove them from that innate fidelity which is grafted in them; you will never induce them to betray their duty."—*Ware.*

I will now add more favourable testimony of other English Protestant writers. Take this passage from a decided enemy of the Irish name and nation:—

"The Irish themselves were a people peaceable, harmless, and affable to strangers, and to *all pious and good*, whilst they retained the religion of their forefathers."—*Borlase.*

Baron Finglas, who was Chief Baron of the

Exchequer under Henry VIII., places the character on far higher ground than the English so far as concerns submission to the law and justice. He says :—

“ It is a great abusion and reproach, that laws and statutes made in this land are not served nor kept, after the making of them, &c. days ; which matter is one of the destruction of Englishmen of this land ; and divers Irish doth observe and keepe such laws and statutes which they make upon hills in their cow-firm and stable, without breaking them any favour or reward.”—*Baron Finglas’s bernica.*

The next is from Lord Coke, who cannot be suspected of any undue leaning in favour of the Irish :—

“ I have been informed by many of those who had judicial places in Ireland, and know, partly of my own knowledge, *That there is no Nation of the Christian World that are greater Lovers of Justice than the Irish are : which must of course be accompanied by many other things.*—*Coke.*

The next is a passage which has often been quoted from the celebrated Sir John Davies

“ They will gladly continue in this condition of subjects, without defection, or adhering to any other Lord or King, *as long as they may be protected and justly governed, without oppression on the one side, or impunity on the other. For there is no Nation of People under the Sun that doth love equal and indifferent justice more than the Irish ; or will rest better satisfied*

the execution thereof, although it be against themselves."—*Davies's Hist. Tracts.*

As to the bravery of the Irish, it may be superfluous to give any proof of it from Protestant and inimical testimony; since friends and foes alike admit the chivalrous gallantry of the Irish people; I cannot, however, refrain from inserting the following quotation, from Edmund Spenser:—

"I have heard some great warriors say, that in all the services which they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than the Irishman, nor that cometh on more bravely to his charge."—*Spenser's Ireland.*

These now are all noble traits in the character of the Irish people. Fidelity—proof against every temptation of bribery or torture; fidelity which nothing could buy, and which nothing could intimidate! "Piety and goodness, whilst her people adhered" (and they *do yet* adhere) "to the religion of their forefathers." But above all, transcendently stands the glorious title, "Lovers of Justice." Lovers of justice, *not* only when they obtain it *for* themselves; but loving it so dearly that they are satisfied with its execution even when against themselves! Military valour not excelled by any nation in existence! And upon whose testimony is it, that the Irish claim the glory of these qualities?

From the testimony of strangers, aliens, enemies! I challenge the world to produce an instance of such praise bestowed upon any nation by persons not themselves interested in, or connected with such praise.

ANCIENT MUSIC OF IRELAND.*

BY JOHN D'ALTON, ESQ.

A TRADITION is preserved, that King Donag the occasion of his alleged submission to the proffered, with the crown of his father, l Boroihme, his harp also, as an offering c homage. It has been already suggested, the Welch derived their knowledge of, and tas that instrument from Ireland, a fact which ton, in his "Dissertation on English Poe supports; and Powell, in his "History of W asserts, that when the king of that country w to reform and regulate the bards and music c nation, "he brought over from Ireland d cunning musicians, who devised, in a ma all the instrumental music that is now there as appeareth as well by the books written o same, as also by the names of the tunes measures used among them to this day."

The Danes had likewise borrowed this sp of music from the vietims of their long-conti persecution; while immediately after the Er invasion, Giraldus will be found stating, the bishops, abbots, and holy men of Ireland, ca harps about with them, and delighted in s

* *History of Ireland to the year 1245, from nals of Boyle.*

melodies ; and he speaks of the general musical talent of the people with such raptures, and at the same time such criticism and taste as would but be prejudiced by translation.

In the chapter of his work here referred to, he names the musical instruments used in Ireland, as "Cythara" and "tympanum," which probably alluded to two species of the harp, the one bold and rapid, the other soft and soothing ; the latter and smaller being used by females and ecclesiastics, as an accompaniment to their songs and hymns, while the former was sounded only in the public assemblies of the people.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S FAREWELL TO SCULPTURE.*

(TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.)

BY THE REV. FRANCIS MARMON.

I FEEL that I am growing old—
My lamp of clay ! thy flame behold
'Gins to burn low ; and I've unrolled
 My life's eventful volume !
The sea has borne my fragile bark
Close to the shore—now, rising dark,
O'er the subsiding wave I mark
 This brief world's final column.

* From the "Prout Papers."

CASKET OF IRISH PEARLS.

'Tis time, my soul, for pensive mood,
For holy calm and solitude;
Then cease henceforward to delude
 Thyself with fleeting vanity.
The pride of art, the sculptured thought,
Vain idols that my hand hath wrought—
To place my trust in such were nought
 But sheer insanity.

What can the pencil's power achieve?
What can the chisel's triumph give?
A name, perhaps, on earth may live,
 And travel to posterity.
But can proud Rome's Panthèon tell,
If for the soul of Raffaele
His glorious obsequies could quell
 The judgment seat's severity?

Yet, why should Christ's believer fear,
While gazing on yon image dear?
Image adored, malgré the sneer
 Of miscreant blasphemer.
Are not those arms for me outspread?
What mean those thorns upon thy head?
And shall I, wreathed with laurels, treat
 Far from thy paths, Redeem-

THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION—O'CONNELL.*

BY THOMAS WYSE, ESQ.

FOR two entire years neither petition, nor remonstrance, nor speech, nor assembly of any note was heard of. The Catholic body seemed to have relapsed into their ancient sluggishness, and to have surrendered their cause to the arbitration of blind chance, or the choice and convenience of their enemies.

It was a wretched and successful policy. Nothing was demanded; and nothing was given. The gentry continued degraded—the people continued oppressed. It was thus made clear to the capacity of every man that something more than mere passive submission to injury was requisite to work out the liberation of a country.

It was made clear that nothing but that prevailing cry which goes up from numbers, bound indissolubly together by the same invisible and invincible chain, the *idem velle*, the *idem nolle*, the *idem sentire de republica*, was alone capable of plucking down from the grasp of the ascendancy the rights of an oppressed people. The grand defect of all previous efforts had been the constant absence of every arrangement which could embrace the people; beyond their occasional atten-

* From the "Historical Sketch of the Catholic Association."

dance at an aggregate meeting, they seemed to take little interest in Catholic affairs.

Not indeed that they did not fully feel the grievances which oppressed them, but that they attributed those grievances to an erroneous cause; they did not trace the waters of bitterness to their spring; they feebly attempted to dam out by local resistance the sweeping tides, and sent them only from their own lands to the lands of their neighbours. The people therefore were in the first instance to be instructed in the true nature and the original causes of their wrong; this instruction was to be judiciously communicated: and the results brought to bear in mass against the common oppressions of the country.

A plan which could fully effect this, and at the same time win back the aristocracy, and reconcile them to the pretensions of their former antagonists, the middle classes of the community, had some chance of finally achieving the emancipation of Ireland.

But to conceive such a plan, and still more to reduce it from theory into practice, required a mind of very peculiar temperament. It required the ardour of youth and the sagacity of age; a nature which could delight in obstacle, which could draw strength from opposition, which could triumph over time, and defy delay.

It required a man who, feared if not respected by the aristocracy, applauded by the citizens, *should be idolized by the people*; a man who could *touch with the spell* most congenial to each, all *those adverse* and oftentimes conflicting natures. *It required the audacious disdain of secondary*

considerations, the adventurous spirit of a fanatic, the intrepidity of a successful commander, the deep insight into his materials and resources, of an experienced general.

It required a man who could view Irish interests through Ireland, who, essentially Irish himself, knew where the national heart really lay, and could bend or drive it to every purpose; a man, the reflection of the men on whom he had to act: the representative of their feelings, the organ of their desires, the speaker of their passions, and the reckless flatterer at times of their prejudices, with an eloquence not of the schools only, but of the fields, not for one class, but for all,—a man doing what he recommended, and completing in the tedious details of the committee, what he had impetuously and often imperiously carried in the debate.

Such a man, happily for the freedom and safety of the country, existed; he had the fortune to conceive, and the resolution to execute: the Catholic Association, arose before him.

AGNEW'S LAMENTATION.*

(TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.)

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

My heart is in wo,
And my soul is in trouble,
For the mighty are low,
And abased are the noble ;

The sons of the Gael
Are in exile and mourning ;
Worn, weary, and pale,
As spent pilgrims returning ;

Or men who in flight
From the field of disaster,
Beseech the black night
On their flight to fall faster ;

Or seamen aghast,
When their planks gape in sunder,
And the waves, fierce and fast,
Tumble through in hoarse thunder ;

* O'Gnimh, (Agnew, not Sir Andrew !) Bard of Claneboy, in the reign of Elizabeth, to whose court he accompanied Shane the Proud, in 1562. In Mr. Planché's lately published dissertation on British Costumes, is a representation of the Irish, as they appeared in London, taken from a valuable print in the possession of the late Mr. Douce, and curiously illustrative of Camden's account of their appearance.

Or men whom we see
That have got their death omen :
Such wretches are we
In the chains of our foemen !

Our courage is fear,
Our nobility vileness,
Our hope is despair,
And our comeliness foulness.

There is mist on our heads,
And a cloud chill and hoary
Of black sorrow, sheds
An eclipse on our glory.

From Boyne to the Linn
Has the mandate been given,
That the children of Finn
From their country be driven ;

That the sons of the king—
Oh ! the treason and malice—
Shall no more ride the ring
In their own native vallies ;

No more shall repair
Where the hill foxes tarry,
Nor forth in the air
Fling the hawk at her quarry.

For the plain shall be broke
By the share of the stranger,
And the stone-mason's stroke
Tell the woods of their danger ;

The green hills and shore
Be with white keeps disfigured,
And the moat of Rathmore
Be the Saxon churl's haggard ;

The land of the lakes
Shall no more know the prospect
Of valleys and brakes,
So transformed is her aspect ;

The Gael cannot tell,
In the uprooted wildwood,
And red ridgy dell,
The old nurse of his childhood ;

The nurse of his youth
Is in doubt as she views him,
If the pale wretch in truth
Be a child of her bosom.

We starve by the board,
And we thirst amid wassail ;
For the guest is the lord,
And the host is the vassal !

Through the woods let us roam,
Through the wastes wild and barren ;
We are strangers at home,
We are exiles in Erin !

And Erin's a bark
O'er the wide waters driven,
And the tempest howls dark,
And her side planks are riven :

And in billows of might
Swell the Saxon before her—
Unite! oh unite!
Or the billows burst o'er her!*

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR O'LEARY.†

HAS the supreme power in any state a right to vindicate the Deity by fines, forfeitures, confiscations, oppression, or the death of men whose only crime is an erroneous religion, which does not disturb the peace of society, whether they be Jews, Mahometans, Christians, Heretics or Catholics, provided they believe a Supreme Being, and rewards and punishments in a future state; for

* The remainder of the original, which becomes prolix, has been omitted.

† Father Arthur O'Leary, a capuchin friar of Cork, became celebrated, towards the end of the Eighteenth Century, for his political and controversial writings and for his wit and social qualities. He was on familiar terms with the political leaders of his day, and, like Barry the painter, was admitted an honorary member of their famous society, the "Monks of the Screw." His writings are remarkable for vigour and wit; but they sometimes contain doctrines of political obedience, which Ireland has outgrown and become ashamed of. There is a vivid sketch of the worthy father in Banim's story of "John Doe," in the "Tales of the O'Hara Family." The friary he built in Cork is now under the control of Father Mathew, who belongs to the same order.

all people exclude from civil toleration, those who confound vice and virtue in the horrors of the grave. Because the links of society are dissolved when vice loses its horror, and virtue its attractions : when the heart is steeled against the fear of an invisible judge, and the conscience is unshackled from its bonds ?

Answered in the negative.

For life, liberty, the power to accumulate fortune by honest means, &c., are rights founded in nature : and the rights of nature are not reversed by the religion founded by him, who declares that he came *not to destroy but to save*. Much less can they be reversed by civil rulers who are born like other men, and who would not be distinguished above the crowd, were it not for the social compact, by which they bound themselves to protect those rights, and preserve them inviolate.

If they do otherwise, as often they have done and do to this very day, it is by a stretch of power, not by the rule of right ; and their only plea : that mentioned by Tacitus : "*Id enim est æquius quod est fortius.*"

From the earliest ages the boundaries of religion and the concerns of the civil magistrate were kept distinct. If in the Jewish theocracy alone this happened to be interwoven, and that a secession from the established religion was made capital it was by a special commission from God, which *Jesus Christ* repealed in the new law, as we shall hereafter prove. Scattered tribes before they subjected themselves to civil institutions, believed in a God, at whose hands they expected the

wards of their virtues, and dreaded the punishment of their misdeeds.

Religion, and conscience, its immediate interpretation, were anterior to society, and altars reeked with the gore of victims, before the block was dyed with the blood of malefactors, spilled by the sword of the stern magistrate.

For his security and defence, man, on entering into society, gave up part of his liberty to dispose of his actions, his acquisitions, his time, which in the state of nature were at his own disposal. But he could never give up his way of thinking, or submit the dictates of his conscience, to the magistrate's control. It is an interior monitor, whose voice cannot be silenced by human laws, and which our very passions, our inclinations, our temporal interest, can seldom bribe, how prone soever we may be to the collusive compact.

Hear this, O ye rulers of the earth! usurp no authority over God's inheritance. He alone can water and fertilize it with his grace; or, from a hidden judgment, not cognizable by any earthly tribunal, strike it with barrenness and sterility.

In this life you have power to kill, or to save the body: but leave the soul of man to the God who gave it. Call to mind that your power must be regulated by justice.

Illustrious culprits, whose authority screens you from the rigour of human laws, if you violate the sacred rules of order you are also to be judged. The splendour that surrounds you made the prophet cry out:

"Ye are Gods, and sons of the Most High;" but

he afterwards eclipses the splendour with the veil of death :

"Ye also must die."

Let not bleeding victims, and famished objects, for the sake of a religion which the rulers of the earth are the last to observe in their morals, be presented to you by your Judge, who will call for your commission and confront you with the works of your hands.

The authority with which you are invested is delegated by the people, and, while you enjoy it, you claim the sanction of heaven. But neither heaven nor man has granted you a power to punish any but malefactors. And no man is less liable to the imputation, than one who follows the dictates of his conscience.

To him it is the oracle of the Divinity. In abiding by its dictates, he imagines to please his Creator. An intention to please God is no crime. Mistaken he may be ; but every mistaken man is not a malefactor or cheat.

God rejects a homage which the heart belies ; and woe to the conscience liable to the magistrate's control. It would be no longer the impregnable fortress that should never surrender, but on conviction, that such is the will of its master. It would be the ductile wax, on which every new impression would erase the former, and resume it by turns.

It would believe the real presence in Rome and Upsal. It would deny it in Geneva and Edinburgh. In Paris, it would hope for an empty real *heaven*, and joys spiritual and unspeakable, through

ts of Christ in a future state ; an earthly amongst never fading-bowers, if it wor- the great Alla, and Mahomet his prophet, antinople.

uld worship a living man in Tartary, and i in Africa. An evident proof that God r granted any control to kings or gover- or the conscience of man ; and that it left to itself and to the grace of him who

JUDGING PUBLIC MEN AND THEIR MOTIVES.

BY THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE.

there are none of you corrupted with the taught by wicked men for the worst pur- d received by the malignant credulity of l ignorance, which is, that the men who the public stage are all alike ; all equally all influenced by no other views than id lure of salary and pension.

thing, I know by experience to be false. xpecting to find perfection in men, and ing for divine attributes in created beings, ommerce with my cotemporaries I have uch human virtue. I have seen not a olic spirit ; a real subordination of interest and a decent and regulated sensibility t fame and reputation. The age unques-

tionably produces, (whether in a greater or less number than former times, I know not) daring profligates, and insidious hypocrites. What then? Am I not to avail myself of whatever good is to be found in the world, because of the mixture of evil that will always be in it? The smallness of the quantity in currency only heightens the value. They who raise suspicions on the good on account of the behaviour of ill men, are of the party of the latter. The common cant is no justification for taking this party. I have been deceived, say they, by Titius and Maevius; I have been the dupe of this pretender or of that mountebank; and I can trust appearances no longer. But my credulity and want of discernment cannot, as I conceive, amount to a fair presumption against any man's integrity.

A conscientious person would rather doubt his own judgment than condemn his species. He would say, I have observed without attention, or judged upon erroneous maxims; I trusted to profession, when I ought to have attended to conduct. Such a man will grow wise, not malignant, by his acquaintance with the world. But he that accuses all mankind of corruption ought to remember that he is sure to convict only one. In truth, I should much rather admit those whom at any time I have disrelished the most, to be patterns of perfection, than seek a consolation to *my own unworthiness*, in a general communion of depravity with all about me.

This moral levelling is a servile principle. It cuts up by the roots, not only all idea of forcible resistance, but even of civil opposition. For if

all men who act in a public situation are equally selfish, corrupt and venal, what reason can be given for desiring any sort of change, which, besides the evils which must attend all changes can be productive of no possible advantage? The active men in the state are true samples of the mass. If they are universally depraved, the commonwealth itself is not sound. All who have ever written on government, are unanimous, that among a people generally corrupted, liberty cannot long exist. And, indeed, how is it possible? when those who are to make the laws, to guard, to enforce, or to obey them, are by a tacit confederacy of manners, indisposed to the spirit of all generous and noble institutions.

I am aware that the age is not what we all wish. But I am sure, that the only means of checking its precipitate degeneracy, is heartily to concur with whatever is the best in our time. Virtue will catch as well as vice by contact; and the public stock of honest manly principle will daily accumulate. We are not too nicely to scrutinize motives as long as action is irreproachable. It is enough (and for a worthy man perhaps too much) to deal out its infamy to convicted guilt and declared apostacy.

THE RIGHT ROAD.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

LET the feeble-hearted pine,
Let the sickly spirit whine,
But work and win be thine,
While you've life.

God smiles upon the bold—
So, when your flag's unroll'd,
Bear it bravely till you're cold
In the strife.

If to rank or fame you soar,
Out your spirit frankly pour—
Men will serve you and adore,
Like a king.
Woo your girl with honest pride,
Till you've won her for your bride—
Then to her, through time and tide,
Ever cling.

Never under wrongs despair ;
Labour long, and everywhere,
Link your countrymen, prepare,
And strike home.
Thus have great men ever wrought,
Thus must greatness still be sought,
Thus labour'd, lov'd, and fought
Greece and Rome.

INVASION OF RUSSIA.*

THE unmatched power of Napoleon's genius was now being displayed in a wonderful manner. His interest, his inclination, and his expectation were alike opposed to a war with Russia, but Alexander and himself, each hoping that a menacing display of strength would reduce the other to negotiation, advanced, step by step, until blows could no longer be avoided.

Napoleon, a man capable of sincere friendships, had relied too much and too long on the existence of a like feeling in the Russian emperor; and misled, perhaps, by the sentiment of his own energy, he did not sufficiently allow for the daring intrigues of a court, where secret combinations of the nobles formed the real governing power.

With a court so situated angry negotiations were commenced rendered war inevitable, and the more especially that the Russian cabinet which had long determined on hostilities though undecided as to the time of drawing the sword, was well aware of the secret designs and proceedings of Austria in Italy, and of Murat's discontent.

The Hollanders were known to desire independence, and the deep hatred which the people of Russia bore to the French, was a matter of notoriety.

Bernadotte, who very early had resolved to cast

* From "Napier's History of the Peninsular War."

down the ladder by which he rose, was the secret adviser of these practices against Napoleon's power in Italy, and he was also in communication with the Spaniards.

Thus Napoleon, having a war in Spain, which required three hundred thousand men to keep in a balanced state, was forced by resistless circumstances into another and more formidable contest in the distant north, when the whole of Europe was prepared to rise upon his lines of communication, and when his extensive sea frontier was exposed to the all-powerful navy of Great Britain.

A conqueror's march to Moscow, amidst such dangers, was a design more vast, more hardy, more astounding than ever before entered the imagination of man; yet it was achieved, and solely by the force of his genius. For having organised two hundred thousand French soldiers, as a pretorian guard, he stepped resolutely into the heart of Germany, and monarchs and nations bent submissively before him; secret hostility ceased, and, with the exception of Bernadotte, the crowned and anointed plotters quitted their work to follow his chariot wheels.

Dresden saw the ancient story of the king of kings renewed in his person; and the two hundred thousand French soldiers arrived on the Niemen in company with two hundred thousand allies. On that river, four hundred thousand troops (I have seen the imperial returns) were assembled by this wonderful man, all disciplined warriors, and notwithstanding their different *national feelings*, all proud of the unmatched genius *of their leader*.

Yet, even in that hour of dizzy elevation, Napoleon, deeply sensible of the inherent weakness of a throne unhallowed by time, described by one emphatic phrase the delicacy of his political situation. During the passage of the Niemen, twelve thousand cuirassiers, whose burnished armour flashed in the sun, while their cries of salutation pealed in unison with the thunder of the horses' feet, were passing like a foaming torrent towards the river, when Napoleon turned and thus addressed Gouvion St. Cyr, whose republican principles were well known:

"No monarch ever had such an army."—"No, sire."—"The French are a fine people; they deserve more liberty and they shall have it,—but, St. Cyr, no liberty of the press. That army, mighty as it is, could not resist the songs of Paris!"

If Russia owed her safety in some degree to the contest in the Peninsula, it is undoubted that the fate of the Peninsula was in return decided on the plains of Russia; for had the French veterans who there perished, returned victorious, the war could have been maintained for years in Spain, with all its waste of treasures and of blood, to the absolute ruin of England, even though her army might have been victorious in every battle.

Yet who shall say with certainty what termination any war will ever have? Who shall prophesy of an act always varying, and of such intricacy that its secrets seem beyond the reach of human intellect?

What vast preparations, what astonishing combinations were involved in the plan, what vigour

and ability displayed in the execution of Napoleon's march to Moscow! And yet when the winter came, only four days sooner than he expected, the giant's scheme seemed a thing for children to laugh at!

Nevertheless the political grandeur of that expedition will not be hereafter judged from the wild triumph of his enemies, nor its military merits from the declamation which has hitherto passed as the history of the wondrous, though unfortunate enterprise.

It will not be the puerilities of Labaume, of Segne, and their imitators, nor even that splendid military and political essay of General Jomini, called the "Life of Napoleon," which posterity will accept as the measure of a general, who carried four hundred thousand men across the Niemen, and a hundred and sixty thousand men to Moscow.

And with such a military providence, with such a vigilance, so disposing his reserves, so guarding his flanks, so guiding his masses, that while constantly victorious in front, no post was lost in his rear, no convoy failed, no courier was stopped, not even a letter was missing: the communication with his capital was as regular and certain as if that immense march had been but a summer excursion of pleasure.

However it failed, and its failure was the safety of the Peninsula.

SPEAKING ILL OF THE DEAD.

BY STERNE.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum" is a maxim which you have so often of late urged in conversation, and in your letters, with such seriousness and severity against me, as the supposed transgressor of the rule, that you have made me at length as serious and severe as yourself.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum." I declare I have considered the wisdom and foundation of it over and over again, as dispassionately and charitably as a good Christian can; and, after all, I can find nothing in it, or make more of it, than a nonsensical lullaby of some nurse, put into Latin by some pedant, to be chanted by some hypocrite to the end of the world, for the consolation of departing sinners. 'Tis, I own, Latin; and, I think, that is all the weight it has; for, in plain English, 'tis a loose and futile position, below a dispute. "You are not to speak anything of the dead but what is good." Why so?—who says so?—neither reason nor scripture. Inspired authors have done otherwise,—and reason and common sense tell me, that if the characters of past ages and men are to be drawn at all, they are to be drawn like themselves; that is, with their excellence, and with their foibles; and it

is as much a piece of justice to the world, an virtue too, to do the one as the other.

The ruling passion, *et les égaremens du cœur* are the very things which mark and distinguish a man's character; in which I would as leave out a man's head as his hobby-horse. Ever, if, like the poor devil of a painter, we conform to this pious canon, *de mortuis*, which, I own, has a spice of piety in the score of it, and be obliged to paint both our angels our devils out of the same pot, I then infer our Sydenhams and Sangrados, our Lucretias Messalinas, our Lorimers and our Bolingbrokes are alike entitled to statues; and that all the Tories who have said otherwise since they parted this life, are guilty of the crimes charge me with, "cowardice and injustice."

PROVINCIAL CHARACTERISTICS.*

A CONNAUGHT man
Gets all that he can,
His impudence never has mist-all;
He'll seldom flatter,
But bully and batter;
And his talk's of his kin and his pistol.

* This not too flattering portrait of our countrymen appeared in "Milesian Magazine," about the year 1812, and was probably written by the editor, Dr. John Brennan, noted for his wit and unsparingness which he principally directed against his medical brethren.

A Munster man
Is civil by plan,
Again and again he'll entreat you ;
Though you ten times refuse,
He his object pursues,
Which is, nine out of ten times, to cheat you.

An Ulster man
Ever means to trepan,
He watches your eye and opinion ;
He'll ne'er disagree
Till his interest it be,
And insolence marks his dominion.

A Leinster man
Is, with all, cup and can
He calls t'other provinces knaves ;
Yet each of them see,
When he starts with the three,
That his distance he frequently saves.

TRAITS OF HINDOO CHARACTER.

FROM MAXWELL'S "LIFE OF WELLINGTON."

IN Wellesley's earlier successes, two circumstances connected with them, strike us as being most remarkable—the enormous masses of organized men over whom his triumphs were achieved, and the scanty means with which their brilliant victories were effected. Small as the latter were, in examining the proportional strength of his

armies, his British soldiers did not exceed a fourth of the whole; and with native troops—Muzumbar opposed to Mussulman—Scindiah was routed at Assye, and Gawilghur, esteemed hitherto invulnerable, carried by assault. Nothing can afford a stronger proof of that moral effect which superior intelligence exercises over uncultivated communities in producing their development. Commanded entirely by British officers, the Indian army, in efficiency, was scarcely second to any.

In the field, the Sepoy soldier emulated his European associates in gallantry and discipline; in the camp, he far exceeded them in sobriety and general good conduct. In danger, the Hindoo exhibited a calm resolution, which no reverse could overturn; his fidelity was unbounded—loyalty not to be shaken—want and suffering could never induce him to desert his officers, and death alone detached him from those colors which, whether in victory or defeat, he regarded with a devotion that bordered on idolatry. His character united opposites; for, with a disposition imbued with the mildness of woman, he combined the indomitable courage of a hero. Many instances could be adduced to show that, in some of the best requisites of a soldier, the "Indian auxiliary might serve as a model to every soldier in Europe;" and that, when circumstances required it, he was willing to seal his loyalty with his life, and abandon everything but his faith.

In the record of an Indian siege it is stated that, on one occasion, when the provisions of the garrison were very low, and a surrender in consequence appeared unavoidable, the Hindoo

diers entreated their commander to allow them to boil their rice, the only food left for the whole garrison. "Your English soldiers," said they, "can eat from our hands, though we cannot eat from theirs; we will allow them, as their share, every grain of the rice, and subsist, ourselves, by drinking the water in which it has been boiled."

A still more striking trait of the deep affection a Hindoo soldier feels for his European comrade is recorded. When the remnant of Baily's army were delivered up by that truculent monster, Tippoo Suldaun, they were marched across the country to Madras, a distance of four hundred miles: "During the march the utmost pains were taken by Tippoo's guards to keep the Hindoo privates separate from their European officers, in the hope that their fidelity might yet sink under the hardships to which they were exposed, but in vain; and not only did they all remain true to their colours, but swam the tanks and rivers by which they were separated from the officers during the night, bringing them all they could save from their little pittance; 'for we,' said they, 'can live on anything, but you require beef and mutton.'"

The fidelity of the Hindoo soldier was never to be shaken, and the strongest human tie, kindred or affinity, could never sever the Sepoy from his duty. On the occasion of a native revolt, "a battalion of the 27th native infantry, with four hundred Rohilla horse, recently embodied, were all that could be brought against the insurgents, who were above twelve thousand strong. They continued to resist till two thousand were slain, and, although many of them were

their relations and neighbours, and their priest invoked them to join their natural friends, only one man was found wanting to his duty, and he was immediately put to death by his comrades, who, throughout, maintained the most unshaken fidelity and courage."

ANTIQUITY OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

ABUNDANT and various as are the monuments to which Ireland can point, as mute evidences of her antiquity, she boasts a yet more striking proof in the living language of her people,—in that most genuine, if not only existing, dialect of the oldest of all European tongues,—the tongue which, whatever name it may be called by, according to the various and vague theories respecting it, whether Japhetan, Cimmerian, Pelasgic, or Celtic, is accounted generally to have been the earliest brought from the East, by the Noachidæ, and to have been, therefore, "the vehicle of the first knowledge that dawned upon Europe."

In the still written and spoken dialect of this primeval language, we possess a monument of the high antiquity of the people to whom it belongs, which no cavil can reach, nor any doubts disturb. According to the view, indeed, of some learned philosophers, the very imperfections attributed to the Irish language,—the

predominance in it of gutturals, and the incompleteness of its alphabet, are both but additional and convincing proofs, as well of its directly Eastern original, as of its remote antiquity; the tongues of the East, before the introduction of aspirates, having abounded, as it appears, with gutturals, and the alphabet derived from the Phœnicians by the Greeks having had but the same limited number of letters which compose the Irish. That the original Cadmeian number was no more than sixteen, is the opinion, with but few exceptions, of the whole learned world; and that such exactly is the number of the genuine Irish alphabet has been proved satisfactorily by the reverend and learned librarian of Stowe.

Thus, while all the more recent and mixed forms of language adopted the additional letters of the Greeks, the Irish alone continued to adhere to the original number—the same number no doubt which Herodotus saw graven on the tripods in the temple of Apollo at Thebes—the same number which the people of Attica adhered to with such constancy, that it became a customary phrase, or proverb, among the Greeks, to say of anything very ancient, that it was “in Attic letters.”

To so characteristic an extent did the Irish people imitate this fidelity, that even the introduction among them of the Roman alphabet, by St. Patrick, did not tempt them into any innovation upon their own; on the contrary, so wedded were they to their own letters, that, even in writing Latin words, they would never admit any Roman character that was not to be found in

their primitive alphabet, but employed two or more of their own ancient characters to represent the same organic sound. In asserting that letters were anciently known to this people, it is by no means implied that the knowledge extended beyond the learned or Druidical class, the diffusion of letters among the community at large being, in all countries, one of the latest results of civilized life.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF HIS ELDEST SON.

BY THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

THOUGH short thy span, God's unimpeached decrees,
Which made that shortened span one long disease ;
Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues, faith, and hope,
Meek resignation, pious charity ;
And since this world was not the world for thee,—
Far, from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare ;
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fixed on heaven thine unreverted eye !
Oh ! marked from birth, and nurtured for the skies !
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom wise !
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure !
Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure !
Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed away !)
By mortal's sufferings now no more oppressed ;
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest !
*While I—reversed our nature's kindest doom—
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.*

PLACE-JOBGING OF COURTIER.

BY SWIFT.

THERE is a certain petty retainer to the court, who has no employment at all himself, but is a partner for life to one that has. This gentleman resides constantly with his family among us ; where, being totally at leisure, he is consequently very speculative, perpetually turning his thoughts to improve those happy talents that nature has given him. He has maturely considered with himself the strange opinions that people at a distance have of courts.

Strangers are apt to think, that whoever has an apartment in the royal palace, can go through the lodgings as if he were at home, and talk familiarly with every one he meets ; must needs have at any time a dozen or two of employments in his power ; the least word from him to a great man, or upon extraordinary occasions, to the queen herself, would certainly do the business !

This ignorance has often been made very good use of by dexterous men among us. Old courtiers will tell you twenty stories of Killigrew, Fleetwood, Sheppard, and others, who would often sell places that were never in being, and dispose of others, a good penny-worth, before they were vacant ; how the Privy Garden at Whitehall was actually sold, and an artist sent to measure it ; *how one man was made curtain-lifter to the king,*

and another his majesty's gold-finder : so that our predecessors must be allowed their due honour.

Neither do I at all pretend, that the hero I am now celebrating was the first inventor of that art ; wherein it must however be granted, that he hath made most wonderful improvements.

This gentleman, whom I take leave to call by the name of Guzman, in imitation of a famous Spanish deceiver of that name, having been formerly turned out of one or two employments for no other crime than that of endeavouring to raise their value, has ever since employed his credit and power for the service of others ; and, where he could not secure them in reality, has been content to feed their imaginations, which to a great part of mankind is full as well. It is true, he hath done all this with a prudent regard to his own interest ; yet whoever has trafficked with him cannot but own, that he sells at reasonable rates ; and is so modest withal, that he is content the credit of taking your money should rest on the greatest men in England, rather than himself.

He begged a small employment for one of his customers, from a lord of the admiralty, then told his client, " that the great man must have a hundred guineas presented him in a handsome manner." Our place-jobber brought an old lame horse of his own, and said, " the admiral asked a hundred guineas for it : " the other bought the horse, without offering to cheapen him, or look in his mouth.

Two or three such achievements as these gave *our adventurer* the courage for some time past to

deal by the great, and to take all employments at court into his own hands. And though he and his family are firm adherents to the honest party, and furious against the present ministry (as I speak it to our honour, no small number of us are), yet in the disposal of places he was very impartial, and gave every one their choice.

He had a standing agent, to whom all people applied themselves that wanted any employment, who had them ready of all sizes, to fit whatever customer came, from twenty to a thousand pounds a year.

If the question be asked, why he takes no employment himself? he readily answers, that he might, whenever he pleased, be in the commission of the customs, the excise, or of trade: but does not think it worth his while; because, without stirring from court, or giving himself any trouble, he can, by his credit, oblige honest gentlemen with employment, and at the same time make better advantage to himself.

He hath several ways to establish a reputation of his interest at court. Sometimes, as I have already observed, he hath actually begged small offices, and disposed of them to his clients. Besides, by living in her majesty's palace, and being industrious at picking out secrets, he often finds when preferment is likely to go on even before those who are to be preferred can have any notice of it themselves; then he immediately searches out for them, tells them of their merits, asks them how they would like such an employment? and promises, by his power at court, to get it for *them*; but withal gives them a hint that great

men will take money, though they will not be known to do it; that it therefore must be done by a second hand, for which he proffers his service, tells them what sum will be convenient, and then sinks it in his own pocket; beside what is given to him in gratitude for his solicitations and good-will: this gives him credit to pursue his trade of place-jobbing.

Whoever hath a mind for an employment at court, or anywhere else, goes to Guzman's agent; and he reads over to the candidate a list of places, with their profit and salaries.

When one is fixed upon, the agent names the known Don Guzman, as a person to be depended upon; tells the client he must send his honour a hamper of wine; if the place they are in treaty for be considerable, a hogshead. At next meeting the price is agreed on; but unfortunately this employment is half promised to another: however, he believes that that difficulty may be removed for twenty or thirty guineas; which, being but a trifle, is immediately given.

After two or three meetings more, perhaps, the bubble hath access to the Don himself; who assumes great airs, says the thing shall be done, he has already spoken to the queen or lord treasurer. At parting, the agent tells the officer elect, there is immediate occasion for forty or fifty guineas, to be given among clerks, or servants of some great minister.

Thus the poor place-hunter is drilled on, from one month to another, perpetually squeezed of ready money, and nothing done. This trade

Don Guzman has carried on for many years, and frequently with five or six dupes in hand at a time, and perhaps all of them for one place.

I know it will be the wonder of many people, as it has been mine, how such impostures as these could be so frequently repeated, and how so many disappointed people could be kept from making a clamour that may ruin the trade and credit of this bold projector ; but it is with him as with almanac-makers, who gain more reputation by one right guess, than they lose by a thousand wrong ones.

Besides I have already observed, that, once or twice in his life, he did actually provide for one or two persons ; farther, it was his constant rule, whatever employment was given away, to assure his friends that he had the chief hand in disposing of it.

When a man had no more to give, or was weary of attending, the excuse was, either that he had some private enemies, or the queen was engaged for that turn, or that he must think of something else : and then it was a new business, required new fees, and new hampers of wine ; or, lastly, Don Guzman was not to be seen, or talked cold and dry, or in very great haste, and so the matter dwindled to nothing ; the poor pretender to an employment discovered the cheat too late, was often ashamed to complain, and was only laughed at when he did.

GRACE NUGENT.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.)

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

BRIGHTEST blossom of the spring,
Grace the sprightly girl I sing;
Grace who bore the palm of mind
From all the rest of woman kind:
Whomso'er the fates decree,
Happy fate, for life to be
Day and night my coolun near,
Ache or pain need never fear!

Her neck outdoes the stately swan,
Her radiant face the summer dawn;
Ah, happy thrice the youth for whom
The fates design that branch of bloom!
Pleasant are your words benign,
Rich those azure eyes of thine—
Ye who see my queen beware
Those twisted links of golden hair!

This is what I fain would say
To the bird-voiced lady gay—
Never yet conceived the heart
Joy which Grace can not impart:
Fold of jewels! case of pearls!
Coolun of the circling curls!
More I say not—but no less
Drink you health and happiness.

MENTAL AND PERSONAL CHARMS.

(FROM "LETTERS TO LITERARY LADIES," BY MISS
EDGEWORTH.)

It is remarkable, that the means by which the sex have hitherto obtained that species of power which they have abused, have arisen chiefly from their personal, and not from their mental qualifications ; from their skill in the arts of persuasion, and from their accomplishments ; not from their superior powers of reasoning, or from the cultivation of their understanding. The most refined species of coquetry can undoubtedly be practised in the highest perfection by women, who to personal graces unite all the fascination of wit and eloquence. There is infinite danger in permitting such women to obtain power without having acquired habits of reasoning.

Women will read ; all we can do is to induce them to read with judgment—to enlarge their minds so that they may take a full view of their interests and of ours. I have no fear, that the truth upon any subject should injure my daughter's mind ; it is falsehood that I dread. I would not proscribe an author, because I believe some of his opinions to be false ; I would have my daughter read and compare various books, and correct her judgment of books by listening to the conversation of persons of sense and experience.

Women may learn much of what is essential to their happiness, from the unprejudiced testimony of a father or a brother ; they may learn to distinguish the pictures of real life, from paintings of imaginary manners and passions which never had, which never can have, any existence. They may learn that it is not the reserve of hypocrisy, the affected demeanour either of a prude or a coquette, that we admire ; but it is the simple, graceful, natural modesty of a woman, whose mind is innocent.

With this belief impressed upon her heart, do you think, my dear friend, that she who can reflect and reason, would take the means to disgust where she wishes to please ; or that she would incur contempt, when she knows how to secure esteem ?

Do you think that she will employ artifice to entangle some heedless heart, when she knows that every heart which can be so won is not worth the winning ? She will not look upon our sex either as dupes or tyrants ; she will be aware of the important difference between evanescent passion, and that affection founded upon mutual esteem, which forms the permanent happiness of life.

That the power of beauty over the human heart is infinitely increased by the associated ideas of virtue and intellectual excellence, has been long acknowledged. A set of features, however regular, inspire but little admiration or enthusiasm, unless they be irradiated by that sun-shine of the *soul which creates beauty*. The expression of *intelligent benevolence* renders even homely fea-

tures and cheeks of sorry grain * agreeable; and it has been observed, that the most lasting attachments have not always been excited by the most beautiful of the sex.

As men have become more cultivated, they have attended more to the expression of amiable and estimable qualities in the female countenance; and in all probability the taste for this species of beauty will increase amongst the good and wise. When agreeable qualities are connected with the view of any particular form, we learn to love that form, though it may have no other merit. Women who have no pretensions to Grecian beauty may, if their countenances are expressive of good temper and good sense, have some chance of pleasing men of cultivated minds.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL LIBELS.

BY THE RIGHT HON. J. P. CURRAN.

I SHALL beg leave to suggest to you a distinction between public animadversions upon the character of private individuals and those which are written upon measures of government and the persons who conduct them. The former may be called personal, and the latter political publications. No two things can be more different in their nature. The criminality of a mere

* Milton.

personal libel consists in this—that it tends to a breach of the peace ; it tends to all the vindictive paroxysms of exasperated vanity, or to the deeper or more deadly vengeance of irritated pride. The truth is, few men see at once that they cannot be hurt so much as they think by the mere battery of a newspaper. They do not reflect that every character has a natural station, from which it cannot be effectually degraded, and beyond which it cannot be raised by the bawling of a news-hawker. If it is wantonly aspersed, it is but for a season, and that a short one, when it emerges like the moon from a passing cloud to its original brightness. It is right, however, that the law should hold the strictest hand over this kind of public animadversion, that forces humility and innocence from their retreat into the glare of public view ; that wounds and terrifies, that destroys the cordiality and the peace of domestic life, and that without eradicating a single vice, or single folly, plants thousand thorns in the human heart.

But the more enlarged freedom of the press for which I contend in political publication, conceive to be founded in the peculiar nature of the British constitution, and to follow directly from the contract on which the British government hath been placed by the Revolution.

By the British constitution, the power of *state* is a trust, committed by the people, *under certain conditions* ; by the violation of which *may be abdicated* by those who hold, and *assumed* by those who conferred it. The *security* therefore of the British sceptre

sentiment and opinion of the people, and it is consequently their duty to observe the conduct of the government; and it is the privilege of every man to give them full and just information upon that important subject.

Hence the liberty of the press is inseparably twined with the liberty of the people. A free press is the great public monitor; it can be supported only by the ardour of men who feel the prompting sting of real or supposed capacity; who would write from the enthusiasm of virtue, or the ambition of praise, and over whom, if you exercise the rigour of a grammatical censorship, you will inspire them with as mean an opinion of your integrity as of your wisdom, and inevitably drive them from their post; and if you do, rely upon it, you will reduce the spirit of publication, and with it the press of this country, to what it for a long interval has been—the register of births, and fairs, and funerals, and the general abuse of the people and their friends.

THE WIDOW'S STORY.

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

“SIR, I once held the cozy farm
That lies upon that green hill's side;
It was not large, but snug and warm;
Indeed it was my pride.
I and my boys, as all can tell,
Did till it, and we tilled it well.

We let no corner go astray—

We picked and planted here and there ;

And every one who went the way

Praised and admired us for our care.

I paid my way, from year to year,

And kept from debts and trouble clear,

Till Boney far away was sent ;

And then, when corn was not so dear,

I found it hard to make the rent :

I fell behind a year or two,

And didn't well know what to do.

“ My two poor boys worked day and night ;

They worked, God knows, with all their might,

And thought their labour sweet ;

They took no sport—no fun had they—

They laboured first our debts to pay ;

Their shirts were worn, their coats were bad—

In truth, good sir, they hardly had

A stitch upon their feet ;

They wanted all demands to meet ;

They wished the little farm to clear,

And would have done it in a year.

“ Just then that Rock began his trade

Of murdering, burning, and of riot ;

And acts on acts, you know, were made,

To keep the people quiet.

For me, I felt quite easy then,

For my two boys, though nearly men,

Were never known to rake, or roam

At night—they always stayed at home ;

And, when our little meal was done,

Talked until sleeping-time came on.

“ One night they left me all alone ;
They went but half a mile away,
To see a man they long had known,
That on his death-bed lay.
I knew that there they wouldn't wait,
To keep their mother sitting late ;
Still, for the time, some care I had,
Though wondering what could make me sad.

“ And how, indeed, could I be gay,
Upon that weary woful night ?
My boys were back upon their way—
The house was in their sight—
When on their rounds the night-guard came,
And asked their business and their name.
They stayed from home beyond the time,
And this was then a heavy crime.

“ For one long month they drooped in gaol :
At last the day of trial came,
And my poor boys stood sad and pale
Within the dock—the dock of shame.
I little, little dreamt that they
Should ever stand in such a way ;
I thought I'd never rear a son
That should be placed a moment there ;
But Heaven's good will must still be done—
'Tis ours to suffer and to bear.

“ I searched the Court in doubt and fear,
I looked around with heavy heart,
To see if any friend was near,
To take my children's part.
Oh ! no ; each friend, it was decreed,
Should leave me in the day of need.
One, that a character could give,
Had lately gone to France to live ;

Sick in his bed another lay—
The third to town was called away.
Our lawyer spoke with right intent,
He spoke as well as lawyer could ;
But through the place a whisper went,
That all he said had done no good.
I looked up to the judges then,
And cried ; but no kind look was shown.
Oh ! sir, your high-born gentlemen,
In their strange pride and dignity,
Almost appear to think that we
Have not got hearts made like their own !

“ No hope remained—no chance I saw—
My boys were sentenced to my face ;
I heard their doom, I cursed the law,
And faint and frantic left the place.
In three days more the worst was past—
I met them, and I looked my last :
Took the last kiss I'll ever get,
For five long years are on them yet ;
And low and bare these bones will lie
Before e'en half the time goes by :
Ay ! long before they cross the sea,
The cold, cold worm will feed on me.

“ I strove for months to work my way—
I thought to hold the little spot ;
But it was close to Lady-day,
And my small rent I couldn't pay,
For all I had the lawyers got.
The landlord came, he made no rout,
But said at once he'd cant me out :
I heard it, and I thought that he
Said this just then to frighten me.

But faith, dear sir, he sold me out—
He sold for all the rent I owed ;
My little things were tossed about,
And I was turned upon the road.
I begged about my native place—
I asked for shelter far and near ;
I saw dislike in every face—
I had no spot to hide my head,
Till some good boys built up this shed ;
And now, at last, I'm settled here !"

The creature wept, and wept again,
When her long tale of grief was done ;
It moved me much, in age to see
So much of unearned misery ;
It was to me a sight of pain,
Sad as I ever looked upon ;
I gave the little I could spare,
And left the poor old mourner there.

CHRISTIAN THEORY OF THE ROUND TOWERS.

BY GEORGE PETRIE, R.H.A., V.P.R.I.A.

THE class of buildings of which I have now to treat, and which gave origin to this lengthened inquiry, though only holding the places of accessories to the principal churches in Ireland, have yet, from the peculiarity of their form, and the wild theories which have been promulgated respecting their age and uses, been regarded as objects of greater interest and importance than even the ancient churches themselves, or, in-

deed, than any other class of ancient monuments remaining. The inconclusiveness of the arguments and evidences which have been adduced to sustain the various theories assigning them a pagan origin, have been amply discussed in the First Part of this Inquiry, and to those who have accompanied me through that investigation, as well as through the preceding sections in this part, I can hardly imagine that it will appear necessary to occupy much space now with evidences to prove either their Christian origin, or the uses to which, by Christians, they were applied. I, at least, am persuaded that to any one having a tolerable acquaintance with medieval architecture, a sight of a few of these remains, or of accurate detailed drawings of them, would be alone sufficient to convince him, not only of their Christian date, but of the primary purposes for which they were constructed. But, as I have to write not only for such persons, but for those also who are less instructed in such knowledge, and, as a consequence, are, for the most part, imbued with prejudices difficult to be removed, it is necessary that I should present them with such more direct evidences, on these points, as must necessarily lead their minds to a conviction of the truth.

Previously, however, to my entering on those evidences, I feel it necessary to impress on the memories of those who may still cling with tenacity to the theory of the pagan origin of these *structures*, a summary of the facts which, in *refutation* of that theory, I conceive I have already *established*.

1. That not even the shadow of an historical authority has been adduced to show that the Irish were acquainted with the art of constructing an arch, or with the use of lime cement, anterior to the introduction of Christianity into the country; and further, that though we have innumerable remains of buildings, of ages antecedent to that period, in no one of them has an arch, or lime cement, been found.

2. That in no one building in Ireland assigned to pagan times, either by historical evidence or popular tradition, have been found either the form or features usual in the Round Towers, or characteristics that would indicate the possession of sufficient architectural skill in their builders to construct such edifices.

3. That, previously to General Vallancey—a writer remarkable for the daring rashness of his theories, for his looseness in the use of authorities, and for his want of acquaintance with medieval antiquities—no writer had ever attributed to the Round Towers any other than a Christian, or, at least, a medieval origin.

4. And lastly, that the evidences and arguments tendered in support of this theory by Vallancey and his followers—excepting those of the late Mr. O'Brien and Sir William Betham, which I have not thought deserving of notice—have been proved to be of no weight or importance.

In addition to these facts, the four which follow will be proved in the descriptive notices of the ancient churches and towers which will constitute the Third Part of this Inquiry.

1. That the towers are *never* found unconnected with ancient ecclesiastical foundations.

2. That their architectural styles exhibit no features or peculiarities not equally found in the original churches with which they are locally connected; when such remain.

3. That on several of them Christian emblems are observable; and that others display, in their details, a style of architecture universally acknowledged to belong to Christian times.

4. That they possess, invariably, architectural features not found in any buildings in Ireland ascertained to be of pagan times.

For the present, however, I must assume these additional facts as proved, and will proceed to establish the conclusions as to their uses originally stated; namely, I. that they were intended to serve as belfries; and II. as keeps or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables, were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics to whom they belonged could retire for security, in cases of sudden predatory attack.

THE END.



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